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HISTORICAL PAPERS

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OF THE

CLINTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

EDITED BY

W. E. PARKHURST

Vol. I.

CLINTON, MASS.:

PUBLISHED BY CLINTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

240 N. 8th Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:
I am enclosing a copy of the
Circular Letter.

PREFACE

In submitting for the instruction and entertainment of our successors various papers which have been read before the Clinton Historical Society the committee concluded to preserve—and include as prefatory to later articles—four essays which were printed in single pamphlet form several years since, concluding this volume with more recent contributions; these selections were made from a large number of papers being necessarily limited to such as are of strictly local character. Many valuable biographical sketches, etc., are reserved for a second volume to be issued at a later date.

CONTENTS

INDIAN PATHS AND TRAILS	1
WELLINGTON E. PARKHURST	
FEATURES OF SHAY'S REBELLION	9
JUDGE JONATHAN SMITH	
CLINTON IN THE CIVIL WAR	21
JOSHUA THISELL	
CLINTON MILITIA	33
JUDGE CHRISTOPHER C. STONE	
OLD HOUSES IN CLINTON	39
JUDGE CHRISTOPHER C. STONE	
REMINISCENCES OF SCHOOL DAYS	44
DR. GEORGE W. BURDETT	
HIGH STREET IN 1853	47
WELLINGTON E. PARKHURST	
FIRST SEVEN YEARS IN CLINTON	57
JOSHUA THISELL	
CLINTONVILLE IN 1846	62
DR. GEORGE M. MORSE	
CLINTONVILLE IN 1847	71
DR. DANIEL B. INGALLS	
MEMORIES OF FORMER CLINTON MINISTERS	79
REV. CHARLES M. BOWERS, D. D.	
EARLY HISTORY OF CLINTON HOSPITAL	89
DR. WALTER P. BOWERS	
PHASES IN THE EVOLUTION OF CLINTON'S GREATEST INDUSTRY	94
NEIL WALKER	
HISTORY OF CHAPEL HILL SCHOOL	97
WELLINGTON E. PARKHURST	
HISTORY OF CLINTON BAPTIST CHURCH	110
REV. CHARLES M. BOWERS, D. D.	

INDIAN PATHS AND TRAILS.

A Paper Read at the Annual Meeting of The Clinton Historical Society, September 12, 1904.

BY WELLINGTON E. PARKHURST.

Inhaling, as we do, the air of an open country where forests are the exception and not the rule in scenic effects, with abundant opportunities to travel by power other than that derived from our personal muscles, being able to go toward any of the cardinal points of the compass on almost any hour of day or night, on steam or electric line or by horse, carriage or auto, on roads which are nearly equal in finish to those of Old England, sending messages of love and joy or of sorrow to distant points with the rapidity of the lightning's flash with or without wires, and enjoying a fair prospect of aerial navigation which will make the excursionist quite independent of mountains, rivers, forests, lakes and swamps—under all these actual and promising conditions, it is well to compare the record of the past, the realities of the present, and the prospects of the future in our long-looks ahead. And it is sometimes profitable to reverse our field-glass and instead of spending an hour in magnifying the present, focus the lens upon the borderland of oblivion and gather incidents relating to the traveled highways and boulevards of the olden times.

In making a research for facts along the line of "Trails and Paths," we are embarrassed by the paucity of records. The largest libraries and the best endowed historical rooms contain no more than fugitive items and meagre fragments of the desired history. A

few years ago Rev. E. G. Porter of Lexington, aided by land-owners and farmers made a personal and careful survey of all the leading trails in the state, so far as they can now be traced. But unfortunately for the antiquarians he died—only two years ago—before completing his work and condensing facts of interest for the general reader.

The earliest surveyors who, without compass or chain, laid out roads through the dense primeval forests of this continent were the mound-builders of whom history gives us but a brief record. We know of this ancient people only by their works. It is quite useless to enter into a discussion of their origin—to debate the question whether they were descended from the lost ten tribes of Israel, as some affirm, or from the Mongols or Malays, although the traditions of some of the tribal races point to a long-past journey from the West and a voyage across a great and Pacific ocean. They may have come hither by the sea or migrated from Asia across Bhering's Straits, but it is safe to aver that they had hunting grounds and that they also had well trodden roads from one mound village to its neighbor; and we are bound to believe in their loyalty to their forest home, for as a Celtic philosopher remarks: "Every man loves his native land whether he was born there or not."

Perhaps coeval with the ancient

people who dotted the country with mounds were the vast herds of buffaloes which in their mad plunges for food or for safety instinctively found the best roads around the marshes and over the mountains. Travelling in immense numbers these animals' paths were often worn three or four feet deep and were therefore easily distinguishable. No better compliment could have been paid to these quadrupedal engineers than was given by the professionals who, through a rough country, laid out the present route of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, closely following the lines adopted long years before by the buffaloes. In two instances the road is also tunneled directly below the buffaloes' trail over the mountain tops. Said a verdant student to an old settler: "The Indians must have patronized the railroad generously since their trails pass by most of the stations." The settler replied: "Law, no! There wa'n't no railroads in those days, but when they came to buildin' them they followed the trail the hull way."

Indian trails early covered this country in a complex network, affording direct lines to important strategic points, and the more thoroughly the red man learned the value of his furs the more deeply worn were the forest paths which connected him with the eastern markets; and journeying in single file, as was his custom, the paths were frequently twelve inches below the surrounding territory. As the woods abounded in brush and dense undergrowth it was impossible for the pedestrian to see more than a few feet ahead in his path and surprises were therefore possible at any moment, and head-on collisions with native foes and even with herds of buffaloes were a constant liability.

The Indians preferred a way over high ground traversing the ridges, for there were the dryest and best of paths, as the storm water quickly ran down the inclines, leaving the ways dry while the high winds kept them clear of brush in the summer and snow in the winter. So far as was possible the trail was straight and direct, although necessarily circuitous on low, marshy grounds. When the

red men did not attempt to follow the buffalo roads their trails were laid out with reference to the location of the hunting grounds and the home-camps, as well as the camps of their enemies.

In the western states there were great and heavily patronized trails between Pittsburg and Detroit, and the Iroquois trail up the Mohawk valley to the Niagara river was an especially popular way. Some of the original roads which succeeded the early trail were a mile wide as the teams, unable to follow the narrow paths over rocks and through swamps where the horses were in danger of being mired or drowned, found various diversions a matter of necessity. As a general rule the Indians cultivated their lower lands, building their forts and mounds upon hills which afforded a view of any approaching enemy and where there was less danger of encountering forest fires. The crossing of streams by fording—no bridges then—was usually near the mouths of the rivers; in those years the process of dredging was unknown and bars of mud or sand frequently appeared near the mouths of tributary streams; and that guide was rated as too unreliable for service who did not carry in his head a diagram of the rivers and their bars.

While the pre-historic people built roads over which the heavy material for the construction of the mound could be transported, the later Indian needed good roads only for hunting and for war. The savages had little trouble in finding their way through the forests and by the eye could often tell the age of a track in the sand and did not exclusively depend upon blazed trees; and he could also determine between the north and the south side of a hill by the general aspect of the foliage and could thus mark his course as he ran and know his direction as accurately as the traveler who was burdened with a compass.

Indian thoroughfares were divided into: (1) hunting trails which led from the villages to the hunting grounds; (2) war trails, routes to and from the home-lands of hostile tribes, whence comes our expression, "On the war path;" (3) portage trails or the ways over which the Indians traveled

between adjacent bodies of water; (4) river trails which followed the course of the rivers; and (5), trade trails, the fur routes on which the Indian ponies were driven laden with goods for the market.

Among the first white missionaries who labored among the Indians was John Eliot, who established a colony at Natick where the so-called "praying Indians" became partially civilized; a critical writer makes a point, however, on methods there employed, viz: that the white teachers made a mistake in trying to graft advanced English customs on the undeveloped natives which experiment resulted in a comic incongruity in the way of a blanket-and-silk-hat costume not unlike that of the half-civilized Indians of the western states. Upon these Indians "de white element of de population," as designated at a later date by a colored preacher in Chicago, coming from the vicinity of the seaboard gradually encroached and in their dealings with the red men, apparently did business under the operation of two resolves: 1, that all the land hereabouts belongs to the saints; 2, that we are the saints. Notwithstanding the overbearing methods of the white men the Indians profited by their acquaintance with them and learned many things which proved of great advantage. Rev. Dr. Allen, in his history of Northboro, shows how by their intercourse with the whites they acquired a comprehension of the technicalities of legal methods in a reference to a dispute which arose between two natives over the ownership of a pumpkin which rooted in one field and bore golden fruit in another field on the other side of the garden wall: the question of rights was left to a referee who settled the quarrel as effectually as a Hague Arbitration board could have accomplished the task by cutting the pumpkin in twain and dividing it between the litigants.

As a result of this annoying pressure from the coast John Eliot moved westward, establishing his colony at Okomokamasit (Marlboro). But the country between Natick and Marlboro was then a howling wilderness through which it was scarcely safe to travel, whether on or off a trail. Wild

animals abounded and so late as 1680 the Marlboro settlement had voted to raise a force of 13 men to hunt rattlesnakes, and only five years before Eliot's removal had paid a bounty for the ears of wolves.

Says the New England Historical and Genealogical Register: "We are not accustomed to think of any indebtedness to the Indians, but in no respect is so much owed them as for leading the way through the other wise trackless wilderness. The Indian paths and landmarks became, by adoption, the property of the pioneers who gave to the present generations their homes in a smiling land. From a wigwam to wigwam hospitable doors were always open on the leeward side to the pre-historic people who drifted past on the long-distance paths. A mortar for the grinding of parched corn or a cooling spring was their halting place; and within their wraps of skins and feathers they slept as contentedly in the great pathless forests as the birds within their nests."

The first roads in New England are named by the early court records "trodden paths." They were narrow lines less than two feet wide, carpeted with pine needles and fallen leaves over which the moccasin-shod Indians silently filed their way through the forests. The emotions of the solitary footman as he traveled up hill and down dale, over courses which crooked around bog or boulder, must have been of a peculiar sort, for he was ever quite uncertain whether at the next bend in the underbrush of the trail he might not be surprised by some welcome friend or deadly foe; and we may imagine something of the extent of the result should two hostile tribes, as they approach each other on this narrow way from around an intervening crag, suddenly suffer a conflict.

But these trails were soon deepened and worn bare by the hob-nail shoes of the white settlers, while other paths were formed by the tread of domestic cattle which have a natural aptitude for making pathways as they wind about obstacles in quest of fresh grazing ground or for cooling springs. The trail gradually developed into a

bridal path for horses and slowly grew the best known way through the into rugged paths, and finally into boundless forests, met demand with roads for the purpose of ordinary supply.

traveling. The early colonists had no steam or electric railways, no autos or cycles, and readily became professional walkers literally "following in the steps of their illustrious predecessors."

The earliest trail of which we have a record was the old Plymouth or coast trail, which connected the capitals of the two colonies, Boston and Plymouth. The ancient Connecticut path started from Cambridge, running through Marlboro to Worcester, Springfield, and on west to Albany. The new Connecticut path also commenced at Cambridge running to Worcester, but taking a more northerly course than the older way, continuing westerly through the Brookfields. The Kennebunk road, by the sea, was a line which ran northwardly from Boston along the shore, through Kittery and York to Portland.

But the most famous of all the early "Paths" was known as the "Bay Path." It diverged from the old Connecticut path at Wayland, running through Marlboro, Worcester, Oxford, Charlton and Brookfield, and there joining again the Connecticut path, and on to Springfield.

The early history of the Bay Path is a matter of slight record. In the autumn after the arrival of Gov. Winthrop the Massachusetts colony found itself very short of supplies; the news of this famine was carried to the Wabbaquassetts, a Nipmuck tribe living near the present village of Woodstock, Ct., that the English at the Bay were in great want of corn or Indian maize and would pay a good price for the article. The hillsides of Connecticut were celebrated for their bountiful crops of corn and the old chief of the Wabbaquassetts, recognizing an opportunity to make a good trade by selling from his full granaries, filled large sacks with corn, members of his tribe carrying these burdens on their backs through the woods all the way to Boston, where the colonists had a spacious cellar, a Metropolitan refrigerator, located near the "common," and suitable for storage purposes. Thus these Indians by traveling over

the best known way through the into rugged paths, and finally into boundless forests, met demand with roads for the purpose of ordinary supply. Three years later, Messrs. Oldham and Hall, with two friends, learning of this expedition and being satisfied that the route taken by the corn emigrant was a safe trail, with several Indian villages along the way, followed it in a journey west, lodging in some of the hospitable Indian towns. This Oldham-Hall journey was made in 1621—11 years after the landing at Plymouth, and afforded the white men their first view of the Connecticut river. On their return to the Bay the tourists reported themselves as much pleased with the big river which abounded in the choicest kinds of fish, while the meadows in the broad valley produced weighty crops of corn and fruits and the adjacent forests teemed with game. Then followed a western fever, the English wearing smooth the ancient paths as they moved in increasing numbers from the seaboard to the river where they found many a "Spring" in the "field," from which fact the city of Springfield derived its name. This exodus of people from ocean to river was the ante-type of a later "western fever" when the settlers of Berkshire county journeyed in their emigrant wagons to homes on the lake-shore, on the western reserve, in Ohio, on the margin of Lake Erie.

This Bay Path or "Old Indian Path" as it was frequently called, ran very near the site of the Woman's reformatory, near South Framingham, just over the Sherborn town line. The circuitous character of these Indian paths which Dr. Holland named "Threads of soil," reminds us of the streets of Boston in the olden time which streets were reported to have been so exceedingly crooked that it was impossible for the American troops to overtake the Britishers on their retreat from the city.

A journey was made over the "northern route" in 1645 by John Winthrop, Jr.; when he left Boston it was his intention to abandon the Springfield path and pass on into the Mohican country; but a snowstorm arrived about that time and he failed to identify his way. He then made an attempt to reach his black lead

mine, but again he lost his bearings. On his second day out of Boston he reached the bank of the Nipnet river (the Blackstone), having traveled 30 miles in two days. The third night he passed in the woods, and the fourth, which was very cold, in a wig-wam beyond Quaboag (Brimfield). The next morning he encountered some Indians who informed him that he had missed his mine property and was then headed toward Springfield, whither he arrived after six days' travel—about as many days for the journey as can now be made in six hours.

In 1635, two years after Oldham and Hall made their excursion to the Connecticut river, to which a reference has already been made, 60 men, women and children went over the same route driving before them their cows, horses and swine. After a tedious and difficult journey they safely arrived at their destination. In the same year 12 of the men of the party returned over this path to the Bay, but in the progress of the journey one of the number was lost, but whether by death or by straying from the way is not stated. In 1636 Rev. Thomas Hooker of Newtown, now Cambridge, with his congregation traveled over the Path to the Connecticut; they had no cover but the heavens nor any lodgings save the simple accommodations afforded by nature. They drove 100 head of cattle, subsisting on the milk of their cows, carrying with them their packs, arms and utensils for cooking and being two weeks on the road. We can readily imagine the persistent straggling of the cattle from the narrow road—especially the refractory swine—with all the resulting vexations and delays.

The path which this party and their cattle followed commenced at Watertown continuing up to Framingham, and was named a "highway" as early as 1648. It crossed the territory which is now the line of the Boston & Albany railroad a few rods below where is the site of the railroad station in South Framingham; of its continuance an Ashland friend writes us: "I have found the old trail leading directly from South Framingham to the ford on Cold Spring Brook; this

path lies for a considerable distance through woods where the land has never been worked and can be easily traced. It is on land owned by this town (Ashland), by the town farm, and by myself, to some extent corresponds with an old cartroad, just above Wildwood cemetery in this town, and is clearly the old Indian trail." Without doubt there are owners of woodland along this route who, if inclined, could find similar evidences of the ancient path.

It is a fact worth the mention that the main street in Westboro is the precise development of the "Old Connecticut Road;" this trail is distinguished by a camp supposed to have been located near a corner of the farm of the present Westboro hospital. Here there was annually held an Indian "corn dance" at which corn was roasted and fish broiled, the serving of "light refreshments" being followed by a dance and the accompanying orchestra comprising a single "tambo" or drum, which furnished acceptable "tum-tum" music for Indian maidens and their lovers as they tripped the light fantastic toe.

There were long-distance paths from the seaboard, from Boston to New London, Ct., which approached each other as they extended into the interior, finally uniting in one great path; and then, after reaching Quaboag-Old-Fort, near Sherman pond in Brimfield, stretched away in diverging lines toward various points whither the interests of the Indians led. The great western route passed north of Steerage Rock, Brimfield, then diverged into four paths: one to Springfield, a second to Palmer, a third to the Ware River falls, and the fourth to the Indian village of Wickabung, now West Brookfield. The character of the country between the eastern and western set of paths, for a distance of 20 miles both north and south is peculiarly obstructive to the laying out of an east and west thoroughfare—so much so that even to this day no road has been made or path found in that direction, excepting where the valley of the Quinnebaug river furnishes an available way. In the center of this midway territory is the town of Sturbridge. The traveler by car-

riage between Oxford and Springfield may not be aware of the fact, but fact it is, that a drive from either of these two places over the direct county road will be along the great road to Sturbridge—which road is the legitimate successor of the Indian trail.

As a white man's bridle-way and cart road the Bay Path was opened by William Pynchon, the "Father of Springfield," a magistrate of such probity and renown that he alone, of all the settlers in that vicinity, was allowed a building lot of ten acres, an inducement to the honest enforcement of law by magistrates which has become obsolete. The Indian path was opened immediately after Mr. Pynchon established his trading post at Springfield, and his was the only road from Springfield to Boston until 1648, a period of ten or twelve years, when a new route was found leading around through Lancaster, and this way was superseded, in 1673, by a county road laid out through Marlboro to Worcester, and on to Brookfield, etc. Over the Springfield-Boston line the members of the Great and General Court went to Boston, and thus the artery connecting the distant settlement on the Connecticut river with the main body of the Massachusetts colony throbbed more freely under the life and influence of the growing heart of the embryotic commonwealth.

In 1808 the eastern half of this route was seriously injured by the laying out of a turnpike between Boston and Worcester. Capt. Pease of Shrewsbury establishing the first stage-coach line between Boston and Hartford with rates fixed at \$10 a trip. It is probable that for the convenience of the traveler stones were set by the wayside, stating the distance from Boston, one of which was have frequently seen in Framingham Center which, in scarcely legible letters, reads: "21 miles from Boston"—which fact recalls the experience of a New England girl who, traveling inland, mistook the inscription on the first stone out of the city in the statement which read: "I'm from Boston," quoting it "I'm from Boston," and exclaiming while she appropriated the statement, "That's sufficient, so am I." Capt. Pease's departure in Boston was

from his own Boston Inn, located where St. Paul's church now stands, his stage stopping the first night out at the "Pease Tavern" in Shrewsbury.

These stage lines afforded opportunities for as spirited competition as ever attended travel on steam or electric railways. The double spans of horses were urged onward at their highest speed. Alice Morse Earle, in her intensely interesting work entitled, "Stage Coach and Tavern Days," illustrates our statement, citing in substance, the fact that the horses on the Cleveland & Pittsburgh stage road were changed every ten miles, the relay being completed with so much haste that when ready to start the stage had not done rocking! The stage was at length obliged to give way to the railroad engine which was often run at great speed, especially when conveying north the president's message from Washington to Boston. We recall the fact that, in 1844, President Polk's message was thus sent north, the whistle of the locomotive sounding its note of warning continuously over the entire line. But the fabulous story current in the neighborhood, where was the writer's early home, that at the opening of the Boston & Worcester railroad the train would pass so rapidly the eye would not catch the view unless very closely watching, was long ago consigned to the shelf on which repose so many modern romantic narratives.

The stage-coach routes through the state resulted in the establishment of many hotels—taverns as called in those times. The only ones which I shall mention was the historic Wayside Inn in Sudbury, and the Franklin House in Hopkinton, now Ashland, which was perhaps better known as a private mansion. Edwin L. Bynner, a former Clinton school-boy, and the son of the editor of the "Courant" 50 years since, based on these facts his well known and charming story, "Agnes Surriage."

Returning to "trails"—One was established starting from Cambridge; it did not cross any considerable stream which required fording. It led the pedestrian up the north bank of the Charles river to Waltham Center, thence leading to the northerly end of

Lake Cochituate, then past Mt. Nobsco, an elevation readily seen from the car-window and situated in the northerly part of the town of Framingham, where it struck the path previously mentioned. But a few years ago, in Framingham, quantities of stone implements and indications of wigwam sites were found, readily showing not only the line of the trail but also the location of Indian villages; and near the Path in the valley of the Quinebant river have been found many mortars and pestles, also blank-blades which by the local arrow-head maker were transformed into perforators, spears, scalping knives, chisels, tomahawks, axes, etc.—the raw material being stored in the ground for use.

The Path which diverged at Wayland, "Happy Hollow," passed through Nobsco settlement in Framingham, then on to Marlboro, and was undoubtedly a trail which led the traveler to the summit of Wattoquottoc Hill in Bolton, from which he had his first view across the wooded valley to the shapely dome of Wachusett in the west, and northwardly to the sharp cone of Monadnock. The path then led down the hill, over the "Grassie road" to Lancaster Old Common, proceeding westerly by the wading place on the south branch of the Nashua river near the residence of the late D. H. Bemis, on the Neck road, or perhaps crossing near the Atherton bridge. The traveler then moved in a westerly direction by the land where the house of Horatio D. Humphrey was later built, through to Maplehurst at the foot of George Hill, and up the hill, where there was an Indian trading post. This trail for many years was the main line of travel between this section of country and Boston, and over which, in subsequent years, the white residents of the lower settlements journeyed when on their hunting trips to the interior. As the George Hill camp was a grand center of business in this part of the country there must have been a well-worn path from the hill to Lake Washacum, where dwelt the Indian chieftain, Sholan. It was but a few years ago that traces of a trail were visible, leading down the hill from the camp

passing along on the easterly slope of George Hill, where old cellars and also well-holes, now filled with stones, served to tell the antiquarians the location of the early white settlers who were the successors of the ancient red men of these forests at a time when they covered this section. Fading evidences of cellars may yet be seen east of the Nashua river and north of High bridge in near proximity to the trail which crossed the river a short distance below. There is no doubt that the original route of the old county road, now "Main street" in this town, followed a trail which led Worcester-ward via Washacum where there was a "junction station;" and in olden times there prevailed a rumor in this vicinity of proofs of two Indian residences on the line of what might have been a trail leading up the brook which flows across the foot of the present Church street.

The present roads from town to town came into existence by a sort of evolutionary process—trail, path, cartroad, broad highway. Blazed trees have been supplanted by guide-board fists, which is a more intelligible method of telling the story than one which, some years since we discovered among the Pennsylvania Dutch. In answer to a question as to the route to a certain residence the answer was returned: "Go two far-sights, turn to right, one go-down, cross to a tree, and a right smart piece beyond," which being interpreted means: "Go as far as you can see twice, turn to right, then go down a hill to a tree, and again as far as you can see, and you will find the house."

A writer who had a permanent interest in this subject says: "Born in a home almost touching the wayside of the old Bay Path, I feel deeply the inexplicable charm which attaches to these old paths or trails. I have ridden hundreds of miles on these various Indian paths and I ever love to trace the roadway where is now the bread traveled road and where it turns aside in an over-grown and narrow lane which is today almost as much neglected and wild as the old path. There still seems to cling to it something of the human interest ever found in a footpath, the intangible

attraction which makes even the simplest footpath across a pasture, or up a wooded hill, full of charm, of suggestion, of sentiment. There is no doubt that the far-away pioneers in the Connecticut valley joyously welcomed the appearance of a post rider as he came in sight from over the Bay Path, his saddle-bags bulging with news of home and friends in the Massachusetts Orient. But the old-time Bay Path has long ago been changed from a simple bridle-path to a well-worn and frequented highway; packed horses came and went upon it the year round; and hunters in merry parties cantered along its shady aisles, and droves of cattle crept along its solitudes among the swaying pines which sheltered from the sun by day and the moon by night."

The essayist at a recent meeting of the Quobaug Historical society made a good point when she remarked that "The Indian trail, later the Bay Path, and later still the 'Great Boston Road' was to Massachusetts what the spinal cord is to the body, indispensable to life and action. To write its history would be to tell the story of the commonwealth."

Every path has a story and the burden of every story is need, and the greater the need the better the path and the longer the story. While the forest trail afforded hints of lonely wanderings in dense jungles where the beams of the sun never fell, it evidenced unity of purpose among travelers who had a common destiny. The late Henry S. Nourse once wrote: "Indian trails were hard to find and easy to lose unless the traveler had been bred in the arts of wood-craft."

We close with a quotation from Dr. J. G. Holland's historic novel entitled "The Bay Path:"

"The principal communication with the eastern settlement was by a path marked by trees a portion of the distance and by slight clearings of brush and thicket for the remainder. No stream was bridged; no hill graded; and no marsh drained. The path led through woods which bore the marks of the centuries, over barren hills that had been licked by the Indians' hounds of fire, and along the banks of streams that the seine had never

dragged. This path was known as the Bay Path, or the path to the Bay, and received the name in the same manner as did the multitudinous old Bay roads that led to Boston from every quarter of Massachusetts. It was the channel through which laws were communicated, through which flowed news from distant friends, and through which came long loving letters and messages. It was the vaulted passage along which echoed the voices that called from across the ocean, and through which, like low-toned thunder, rolled the din of the great world. That trail was a bond that radiated each terminus into a thousand fibres of love and interest, hope and memory."

"The Bay Path was charmed ground—a precious message—and during the spring, the summer, and the early autumn, hardly a settler at Agawam (West Springfield) went out of doors, or changed his position in the field, or looked up from his labor, or rested upon his oars upon the bosom of the river, without turning his eyes to the point at which the path opened from the brow of the wooded hill in the east, where now the bell of the huge arsenal tells hourly of the coming of a stranger along the path of Time."

"And when some worn and weary man came in sight, upon his half-starved horse, or two or three pedestrains, bending beneath their packs and swinging their sturdy staves, were seen approaching the village was astir from one end to the other. Whoever the comer might be, he was welcomed with a cordiality and universality that was not so much an evidence of hospitality, perhaps, as of the wish to hear of the welfare of those who were loved, or to feel the kiss of one more wave from the great ocean of the world."

"And when one of the settlers started forth upon his long journey to the Bay with his burden of letters and messages, and his numberless commissions for petty purchases, the event was one well known to every individual, and the adventurer received the benefit of public prayers for the prosperity of his passage and the safety of his return."

FEATURES OF SHAYS' REBELLION.

A Paper Read Before the Clinton Historical Society at its Annual Meeting, September 14, 1903.

BY ATTORNEY JONATHAN SMITH.

It is an open question whether an impartial account of Shays' Rebellion in Massachusetts has ever been written. All general American histories, and the local as well, set forth its incidents with varying fullness of detail, for it was an important event in the early development of the state following the Revolution. But the narratives are, for the most part, strongly colored with the opinions of those actively engaged in its suppression, and also of the conservative classes, who had no sympathy with the movement. While some of the hard, economic conditions of the time have been fairly set forth, on the other hand, the precise motives of the men who took arms, their conduct while in open resistance to the state authority, their previous record, and their character and standing as citizens, important elements in the question, have not received the attention they deserve. In official proclamations the insurrection was characterized as "an unnatural, unprovoked and wicked rebellion." McMaster refers to the men as "mobs and rioters," and is unsparing in his ridicule and condemnation of their acts. The *Narrative and Critical History of America* speaks of them in much the same way. And Holland's *History of Western Massachusetts* says: "That when the materials of the rebellion are con- sidered—their entire lack of moral power, their utter cowardice, their boastings and threatenings, their insolence and malice, their outrages and robberies, apology for them stammers with awkward qualifications, and justification stumbles with the weight it carries."

But, as in every other popular agitation, there were two sides; and after nearly 120 years one can discuss the trouble and its causes in a more judicial spirit than was possible a century ago. An impartial examination of the facts, and of the motives of the men who took arms, will compel the revision of any judgment based upon the opinions of those who suppressed the movement.

The chief causes of the rebellion were three:

- 1st—The absence of a strong national government, commanding the confidence and obedience of the people.
- 2d—The issue by the Confederation, and by the state governments of large quantities of worthless and hopelessly irredeemable paper currency.
- 3d—The extreme poverty of the people, resulting from the long war of the Revolution, the total absence of manufacturing industries, the ruin of American commerce, and the crushing burdens of public and private indebtedness.

It is with this last cause, and how worthless, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts of the legislature to compel the people to take it at its face value. The destruction of commerce by the war had driven most of the coin, current before the Revolution, abroad. There was no specie for those who could not live by exchange. The few coins in circulation in the centers of trade were the issues of different countries, and their value was uncertain and constantly fluctuating. The farmer who wanted cloth or groceries had to pay for them in produce. But first he must find some one who wanted his hay or corn and had the cloth or groceries to exchange for them. This often it was impossible to do. Taxes had to be paid in cash, and if the farmer had no cash the collector distrained whatever he could lay his hands upon and sold it at ruinous rates. Whiskey in North Carolina and tobacco in Virginia, says Fiske, did duty as measures of value, and Isaiah Thomas advertised in the Spy that he would receive subscriptions in salt pork. In 1780, Lancaster assessed a tax of £270,285, 2s, 11d. upon the property and polls of the town. At present rates of exchange this was equivalent to a tax of \$1,351,425, and the town's taxable property was not one-half, probably, what it now is. It was of no avail to the farmer that his barn and cellar were full of produce and stock if he could not turn them into good money with which to pay his taxes and purchase the necessities of life.

The articles of confederation were little more than treaties of alliance between 13 independent powers. While congress could declare war, it could not compel enlistments, nor the arming nor the support of an army. It could fix the amount of the revenue, but its collection was left to the pleasure of the states. Congress could decide disputes between states, but had no power to enforce its own decisions. It could make foreign treaties, but not prevent or punish the states for violating them. Foreign and domestic commerce were regulated by the states, and congress could pass no law to punish the breach of its own enactments. In 1784, it had broken up in disgust, and the French minister wrote to his master that there was now no general government in the United States, neither congress, president, nor head of any administrative department. Practically, this was political chaos, and the next step was anarchy.

Fortunately, however, the several states had the machinery of government in good running order. But, unwise, all of them but two, Connecticut and Delaware, following the bad example of the confederation in the latter part of the war, had issued large amounts of paper currency, which, years before 1786, had become

But it is to some phases of the third cause of the trouble to which special attention is directed. Today we have little conception of the poverty and distress of the people for the ten years following 1780. There was no manufacturing or mining. At the outbreak of the war the colonies had an extensive commerce, especially with the West Indies, and the whale and cod fisheries brought good returns. Many people in the maritime towns had become rich. The whale fishery was worth to Nantucket alone \$1,000,000 per year, and 200 vessels annually left its wharves for the whaling grounds. But the war ruined the business, and grass grew in the

streets which had formerly resounded to the sound of the adze and hammer. The cod fisheries and all foreign commerce were destroyed. The only industries surviving were agriculture and the mechanical trades, the latter carried on in a small way by individuals. The nation, the state, and the people almost universally, were deeply in debt. In 1786 the debt of the state was \$6,500,000, and it owed the soldiers \$1,250,000 besides. The state's share of the national debt was \$7,500,000. The law required that one-third of this last should be assessed annually on the ratable polls, these numbering 90,000, which heavily increased the burden of taxation. The population of the state was about 350,000, making the debt of each individual over \$43, as against less than \$4.50 in 1902. If ability to pay be taken into consideration, the difference would be very much larger. Taxes averaged \$50 a year for every man, woman and child, or upwards of \$200 to every head of a family, more good money than the farmer saw during the entire twelve months. Added to all this was the private indebtedness which has never been estimated. From the beginning of the war it had been constantly growing, and as taxation increased the burden of public dues pressed more and more heavily, especially upon the farmer and mechanic, until it had become insupportable. But there was no good money to pay these debts with. The crops for 1786 were good, and the farmer's barn and cellar were full, but they afforded him no relief, for he could not realize on them enough to pay his taxes, much less to buy the necessities of life. The condition of the laborer was even worse; for the little work he could find to do was paid for in produce which was worthless on his hands.

Other circumstances aggravated the situation still more, and finally drove the people of the counties of Worcester, Berkshire and Hampshire, and some in Middlesex and Bristol counties, to desperate and unwise measures. Under a civilization not highly developed the people are more fond of lawsuits than those of an older and

more advanced civilization. In 1785 nearly everybody owed almost everybody else, and each creditor tried to collect what was due him. If a debtor was sued, he in turn sued his debtor, and thus actions at law multiplied. The population of Worcester county was approximately 59,000. In 1784-85 about 4000 lawsuits were entered in the courts of this county. Every lawsuit represented at least two persons, and hence there was one lawsuit for the head of about every family in the county during these two years.

The court of common pleas had jurisdiction of civil actions when the claim was above £4, with the right of appeal to the supreme judicial court. The cost of litigation was then considered grievously expensive, but an examination of the records of the court of common pleas shows that it was less so than at present. I am not speaking of lawyers' fees, for then, as now, those were a matter of agreement between attorney and client. But they were much less than present figures.

Herewith is presented a taxation in two cases, one in the court of common pleas and one in an appealed case to the supreme judicial court, both parties living in Sterling, Mass:

Writ, 7s, 4d; service, 2s 10d; entry, 9s; attorney's fees, 6s; five days attendance, 7s, 6d.; continuance, 8d; present, term, 7 days, 10s, 6d; total, £2 35s, 10d., about \$10.95 at present rates of exchange. Costs in a suit in 1900: Entry, \$3; writ and declaration, 55 cents; attorney's fee, \$1.25; term fee, \$5; travel and attendance, \$1.32; witnesses: in district court 50 cents a day and 10 cents a mile travel, one way; in superior court \$1.50 a day and 10 cents a mile travel, one way.

Supreme judicial court, 1786: Costs in C. C. P., £2, 3s, 10d.; attendance, 5 days, 7s, 6d.; attorney's fees, 6s.; examining bill of costs, 4s.; total, £3 1s, 4d.; which equals \$15.33.

Where there was an appearance and trial the costs run up to £5 and £7, and increased in a similar ratio in the supreme court. These figures show that the taxable costs in suits at law were much less than they are now.

The actual procedure was much the

same. But all taxable costs, whether of the sheriff, the attorney, the clerk or the court, were regulated by statute, and there was no opportunity to make them excessive, for the clerk and the court had to pass upon them, as they do now.

But the lawyers did a thriving business. It is said of Dwight Foster, of Brookfield, one of the prominent lawyers of the county, that his office was thronged from early morning until late at night by creditors seeking to collect their dues, and by angry debtors invoking his services to defend them in the courts. The fences on both sides of the road leading to and from his place were, during the daylight, lined with the carriages of his clients, much as are the fences near the entrance to country fair grounds now while the exhibition is in progress. Whether the same could be said in regard to John Sprague, the leading Lancaster lawyer, is uncertain. At any rate, judging by the court records of the period, he also did a most prosperous business. The great hardship to the debtor, however, was what followed the judgment. There was no property exempt from seizure on execution except the clothes on the debtor's back. The officer could take the bed on which the debtor slept, the last potato in his cellar and the only cow or pig in his barn to satisfy the execution. There was no homestead exemption. Property at the execution sale brought nothing approaching its real value, and the debtor could only look on while the sheriff sold the house over his head and the last mouthful of his provisions for the winter at a fifth of their real value, knowing at the end that he would be turned into the streets with his family. People were more stern and uncompromising in asserting their legal rights than they are now, and if the proceeds of the sale did not bring the amount of the execution and costs, the debtor was straightway carried to jail and there kept so long as his creditor would pay his board, or until the debt was discharged or friends came to his relief. In Little Dorrit, Dickens has painted the scenes of the debtor's prison, and sketched with a master's

hand the lives of the unfortunates who spent the best part of their days within the Marshalsea. They were scenes which were reproduced in every part of the state in the days of Shays' Rebellion.

No prison records for the counties of Berkshire and Hampshire preceding 1790 exist, but those of Worcester county jail for the years 1784-85 and '86 show the extent to which the law for the imprisonment of poor debtors was employed.

In 1784 there were confined in the Worcester County jail for debt, 7 persons; for all other offences, 4. In 1785, for debt, 86; for non-payment of taxes, 6; for all other offences, 11. In 1786, for debt, 80; for nonpayment of taxes, 4; for all other offences, 4.

In that proportion, if conditions and the law were the same, there would now be confined in the jails of Worcester county for debt about 560 persons. As a fact there has been committed within the past three years for debt and non-payment of taxes, 15. Those in for debt could have reached there only after being convicted in open court of having fraudulently concealed or conveyed away their property to avoid paying debts, or of having property and intending to leave the state so that execution could not be served upon them.

It has been attempted to cast upon the legal profession and upon the officers of the courts and the sheriffs some of the responsibility for the people's irritation and consequent action. The charge is not well founded. The sheriffs and other officers were guided solely by the precepts they served; their fees were limited by law, and supervised by the judge and clerk of courts. They were simply ministerial officers required by the statute to do just what their writ commanded, and beyond that they could not go without personal liability. The case against the lawyers is always referred to in the histories of the times, and in October, 1902, a speaker at the meeting of the American Antiquarian society thus stated it: "During the Revolutionary period and immediately subsequent

thereto, a crop of attorneys self-taught and of low antecedents had developed, country pettifoggers who would now be known as 'shyster' lawyers. These men were nothing more nor less than conmigrants and blood-suckers; they drew their sustenance from merciless extactions from a suffering community." And McMaster, while stating it less strongly, declares "that 'every young man became a lawyer and every lawyer did well.'

The records at present accessible disprove these assertions. From all known sources of evidence it appears that there were admitted to the bar in Massachusetts, between 1776 and 1786, inclusive, eleven years, 70 lawyers. Of these 57 were graduates of Harvard college, one of Princeton, one of Brown university, three of Yale, and of the eight remaining information is wanting. According to a volume of addresses to the Worcester county bar there were during the same period nine admitted to the Worcester bar, every one a college graduate and seven received their diplomas from Harvard. The same authority states that there were but 11 lawyers in practice in Worcester county in 1786, a smaller number than have been admitted from one town of that county alone within eleven years last past and are now practicing in that town. This certainly shows that there was no crowding to the profession during those years. For the year ending October 1, 1903, there were admitted to the bar of the supreme judicial court for Suffolk county 240 lawyers, and 185 more took the examinations and failed. If any of the 70 admitted between 1776 and 1786 were "shysters," it is certainly not complimentary to the colleges of that day. On the contrary, they were scholarly men, in character and attainments among the first in the state and many of them afterward achieved great distinction in the judicial and political life of the commonwealth.

Doubtless the lawyers of the period had a good practice, as do physicians in a time of an epidemic; but they are not to be called "shysters" for that, any more than a physician is a

quack because he has many patients in a time of unusual sickness. The lawyers defended the debtors as well as prosecuted them, and could not appear on either side of a case unless regularly employed.

The causes of this economic distress were deep seated. The people had won their independence of Great Britain, but the struggle had brought them burdens impossible to carry long without domestic agitation and trouble. It is no surprise that mistaking the causes of their difficulty they also mistook the true remedy. Loaded down with debt, subject to vexatious lawsuits and liable to indefinite imprisonment for debts that it was impossible to pay, they struck wildly and blindly at the grievance nearest them, the might and reality of which they could see and feel. It was this load of private debts coupled with the harsh and cruel laws then in force for their collection which furnish the key to all that followed.

The official documents show plainly what the people regarded as the chief affliction. In the report of the commissioners sent into the different counties in the spring of 1787 to administer the oath of allegiance to the people, the commissioners said that the existence of public and private debts, the latter especially, was the most operative in producing the trouble. In all the memorials addressed to the legislature and to the governor and council, by the many popular conventions held, and in those voted by the different towns, the absence of a circulating medium, and the courts of general sessions of the peace and common pleas, are named as the roots of the agitation. Other grievances are referred to, but these two are common to all. Thus, after the Middlesex people, under the lead of Job Shattuck, had broken up the session of the court of common pleas at Concord in September, 1786, Shattuck addressed a memorial to the judges, saying: "That it was the voice of the people of the county that the court of general sessions of the peace and of common pleas shall not sit in this county until such time as the people shall have a redress of a num-

ber of grievances they labor under at present, which will be set forth in a petition or remembrance to the next General Court." In August, the same year, a paper was circulated for signatures among the delegates to the Hatfield convention, pledging the signers "to prevent the sitting of the court of common pleas for the county, or of any other court that shall attempt to take property by distress and to prevent at the risk of their lives and fortunes the public sale of property seized by distress." The address of the people of Hampshire county alleged as the cause of public invitation "the expensive mode of collecting debts which by the reason of the scarcity of cash will fill the gaols with unhappy debtors and thereby hinder a respectable body of people from being serviceable either to themselves or community." In January, 1787, the people of Brookfield, by a vote, asked the governor to adjourn the "court of general sessions, and of the common pleas for the three western counties, until after the next general election and session of the legislature." The town of Lancaster embodied its views into a set of instructions to its representative, Ephraim Carter, urging him to use his best endeavors to get the following laws enacted:

A law—To ease the burden of taxation upon the husbandman.

Placing a tax upon clocks, time-pieces, matches, silver plate, spermaceti candles, tallow consumed in every family above a certain number of pounds, cider, painted sleighs, glass windows above a certain number in each house, commissions of justices of the peace, and dogs.

The abolition of the courts of common pleas and general sessions of the peace, and a transfer of their jurisdiction to the supreme judicial court, and in other matters to justices of the peace.

The reduction of salaries.

The payment of fines into the public treasury.

To lighten the poll tax.

Removal of the legislature to some other place than Boston.

Giving preference for the encourage-

ment of manufactures rather than commerce.

And he was to oppose all liberal grants in favor of services done; also the appropriation of public taxes for the discharge of either the principal or interest of the state domestic debt, except where the necessities circumstances of the creditors demand. The memorial of grievances adopted by the convention at Hatfield in August, 1786, covers much the same ground.

The one thread that runs through all these petitions is the burden of private indebtedness, the civil courts and their administration of the law for the collection of debts. One need not smile at this failure of the people to see where the real source of the matter lay. In our own day, with all the added wisdom of experience and of a wider acquaintance with economic law, one has seen as palpable errors in the people's judgment as to the cause and remedy for social and economic ills as were entertained by the fathers 120 years ago.

The one thing the people could see was that they were deeply in debt, and that, through the action of the civil courts, they were liable to be stripped of what little property they had; if that did not meet the obligation and expense of suit they would be committed to the debtors' prison. This was the peril they were determined to remove, and accordingly they struck at the civil courts as the chief element of danger. It is very doubtful whether in the summer of 1786, if all the civil courts had been adjourned until after the election in the following spring and after the legislature then to be chosen had come together, there would have been any armed resistance at all. But the session of the courts was not suspended, and the people determined to act. In August, September, October, November and December, 1786, the civil courts held no sessions in Berkshire, Hampshire, and Worcester counties, nor at Concord in Middlesex county. An attempt was made to prevent the session of the court of common pleas at Taunton but the court met and then adjourned. When the time came for courts to sit, the people assembled and

with arms in their hands either surrounded and closed the court-houses, or overawed the judges and compelled them to adjourn without transacting business. When the adjournment was once made the agitators were satisfied and dispersed to their homes. No violence was done and no threats offered beyond what would happen if their demands were denied, but the officials were given to understand that disobedience would be at their peril. There were precedents for this action. In 1774 the patriot party in Worcester had closed the courts to prevent the chief justice, known to be in sympathy with the crown, from sitting, and there was no session for two years. In 1782 an attempt was made to break up the session of the court of common pleas at Northampton. The leader was afterward arrested and convicted, but was subsequently released by the mob. The people were determined that there should be no more judgments and executions until after a new election. The legislature did meet in September, 1786, but it had been elected before the troubles broke out and the agitators had no faith in it. It passed one act giving justices of the peace jurisdiction in actions above £4, with right of appeal, and another suspending the collection of debts for eight months; but both statutes were hedged in with so many exceptions and conditions that they brought no relief and failed to soothe popular irritation. The supreme judicial court had jurisdiction of criminal offences; and those taking part in the commotions, seeing they were in danger of indictment for their acts, turned their attention to that tribunal and sought to prevent its transacting business. They compelled it to adjourn without action at Worcester, Springfield and Great Barrington in September, but later, through the vigorous action of the state authorities and the firmness of the judges, its sessions were resumed. In the counties of Worcester, Hampshire and Berkshire, the following year, eighteen were tried for high treason, convicted and sentenced to death. Between 1787 and 1789, two hundred were convicted

of treason, insurrection, riot, seditious acts, treasonable practice or kindred offences. Some were imprisoned and some fined, but no one was executed. It is to the lasting honor of the state that it shed the blood of none of the misguided men who had thus incurred the extreme penalty of the law.

But the authorities had taken strong action. At its September session the legislature provided for the enlistment of troops to serve against the malcontents, and requested the governor to issue his proclamation for the arrest of the principals, authorizing him to offer rewards not exceeding £150 for the arrest of any ringleader. January 10 the governor and council sent to Sheriff Greenleaf of Lancaster a list of 16 men of Worcester county prominent in the movement, ordering him to arrest them. The arrest of others was also directed. This action with the indictments found by the supreme judicial court, and the march of the state troops into the disaffected counties, changed the attitude of the agitators. Hitherto they had directed their attention to the courts; but now they were on the defensive. From this time, about the first of January, 1787, their effort was to extricate themselves from the position in which their own and the action of the authorities had placed them. They awoke to the reality of two things; first, that they had laid themselves liable to the criminal law, and second that they could no longer interfere with the courts, either criminal or civil. After the beginning of the new year their struggle was to gain time in the hope of making better terms with the government. They were poorly armed, and their attack on the arsenal at Springfield in January, 1787, was to supply this want. When it failed, the end of the rebellion quickly came.

The character and quality of the men who followed Daniel Shays, or sympathized with him, are important elements in the case. They were the farmers, mechanics and laborers; on the other side were the conservative classes—the merchants and members of the different professions. It should

not be forgotten that the former had supported the Colonial cause with substantial unanimity, while it was among the conservative classes that the Tories and indifferents had been found during the revolutionary war. The malcontents were not the rabble, such as followed Coxey to Washington and crowded the corridors of our State House a few years ago. Out of 21 of the prominent actors who were indicted for treason in Worcester county at the April term, 1787, of the supreme judicial court, 15 are described in the indictments as "gentlemen," and only six as "yeomen." The history of Western Massachusetts, before referred to, says that "the leadership of the movement was exclusively confined to men who would come legitimately under the denomination of one of three classes: adventurers, demagogues and desperadoes—and such were Shays, Day, Shattuck, Parsons, Ely, Wheeler, Hamlin." Three of these men had been captains in the Continental army, one a lieutenant colonel and the others were also probably revolutionary soldiers. All of Shays' captains, so far as known, were soldiers in the revolution. Out of 40 names taken at random from proclamations and indictments growing out of the agitation, 28 are known to have fought for the Colonies; the others cannot be identified because their residence are not given. Without doubt many if not the most of the 28, had been soldiers also. Some of them, notably among the leaders, had fought with Gates at Saratoga, had been with Washington at Valley Forge, and Wayne at Stony Point. Many had rendered from three to five years' service in the war with Great Britain. Capt. Wheeler of Hubbardston, who commanded one of the companies which levelled their bayonets to the breast of Gen. Ward when he attempted to force his way into the court house at Worcester, served in the French and Indian war, and was a captain in the revolution, a deacon of the church, and a man of the highest character and standing. The commander of the other company, Aaron Smith of Shrewsbury, had also served in both wars, had been born

and brought up in the house directly across the street from Gen. Ward, had been Ward's old playfellow and schoolmate, and drilled under him in the militia before the revolution. No rolls of Shays' men exist, but it is fair to assume that on them were the names of many revolutionary soldiers; and if the same proportion held as among the officers and leaders, a heavy majority of them had fought for the Colonies. It would not be wide of the truth to call it a movement organized and sustained by revolutionary soldiers. They had special grievances. Many of their debts had been contracted while they were absent in the service. The state was owing them large sums of money for back pay and allowances. It had in part paid them in certificates which from stress of debts many had been compelled to sell at a heavy discount, and these certificates had been purchased by speculators for a fraction of their face value. The holders were seeking to apply the revenues of the state to their redemption, thus taxing the soldiers with the rest of the community for payment. After a few years the soldiers found their little property in danger through the importunities of creditors, with the possibility of a home in the debtors' prison after their little all had been seized. Timothy Bigelow, one of the most distinguished of Worcester's soldiers, spent the last years of his life within the limits of the Worcester county jail through debts incurred in support of his family while absent in the war. The soldiers of the civil war have received unstinted praise for their orderly and peaceful conduct on their return to civil life in 1865. But they had received their pay and bounty in full, in good money. They were free from debt; their places were open and waiting for them at good wages, and they stepped into them straight from the ranks as if they had not been absent a day. If the same conditions had confronted them which their elder brothers had to face on their return to private life in 1783, how nearly would have come true those gloomy predictions we used to hear during the Rebellion, that when the union armies

were disbanded commotion and bloodshed would fill the land? One cannot believe that the men from Worcester, Hampshire and Berkshire counties who served under Washington were any less patriotic, or loved their country one bit less, than those from the same counties who answered to the call of Lincoln in the civil war 85 years later.

The disaffection, while most general in the three counties above named, existed in all parts of the state, less however in the maritime counties than in the rural districts. In the latter, especially in the middle and western parts of the state, a majority of the people were in secret or open sympathy with it. In 1786, Governor Bowdoin had been elected by 5708 votes to 754 for John Hancock, who represented the popular party. But in 1787, after all the troubles, Bowdoin received only 5150, while Hancock had 17040 votes and was elected. A legislature was chosen which was in sympathy with his views. The people of Lancaster were more conservative than those in other portions of the county, and their vote is instructive.

In 1785 Bowdoin had 38, and Hancock 1; in 1786 Bowdoin got all the votes; but in 1787 he received only 38, while Hancock got 84 votes. The state election was in April, and the vote of 1787 is fairly representative of the opinions of the people and their ideas of how the malecontents and their grievances should be dealt with. Whatever Samuel Adams and Governor Bowdoin may have thought about the way to deal with the actors in the trouble, it is apparent that the people looked upon the movement not as a rebellion against the government or as an attempt at its overthrow, but as an angry protest against intolerable distresses and an imperative demand for some relief.

The nominal leader was Daniel Shays of Pelham, and for him a word of defence is needed. He has been denounced as rebel, traitor, craven and coward, and was mercilessly lampooned by the wits of the day. At heart, however, he was none of these. He was born in Hopkinton in 1747, and at the beginning of the revolution

was a resident of Brookfield. He had no education, was ambitious, a good talker, and had a decided talent for military service. He was in service 11 days at the Lexington alarm; at the Battle of Bunker Hill was promoted for brave and gallant conduct, and he took part in the expedition against Ticonderoga in 1776, fought Burgoyne at Saratoga, and followed Anthony Wayne into Stony Point in 1779. Afterwards recruiting a company he was commissioned a captain, but in 1780 resigned and left the army, after nearly five years' service. When Lafayette returned to this country in 1780 he brought some elegant swords, and he presented one to Captain Shays; but Shays already had a good one, and sold the gift of Lafayette, and thereby incurred the criticism of his brother officers. It is uncertain whether this criticism had anything to do with his resignation. Returning to Pelham, he was elected one of the committee of safety, and for several successive years was chosen town warden. He was poor, having but little property, hampered with debts, and was vexed by at least one lawsuit. There is no evidence that in the beginning he was active in the rebellion which bears his name, and he seems to have been drawn into it gradually by the people's importunities, and their confidence in his military talents and capabilities of leadership. In those days the village tavern was the popular resort in idle hours, and Shays, of social disposition, was often found there. There the agitators assembled, and formed a military company, and Shays was asked to drill them. His proficiency as a drill-master led to his being called to other places on the same errand, and the leaders, recognizing his many gifts, evidently made much of him. Shays declared in course of the trouble, "that importunities were employed that he could not withstand, and that he entered into the movement against his inclination." Probably his own financial condition and his sympathies for his distressed fellow citizens were helps in enlisting him. All the evidence goes to show that until his arrest was ordered his intent never

went beyond the purpose to prevent the sitting of the courts until a new legislature could redress grievances. When the supreme judicial court sat at Springfield in September, 1786, he sent a demand to the court that it should find no indictments against his men, that no civil actions should be tried except by the consent of both parties, and that the militia in the service of the state should not be paid. All of which the court refused.

In the following December, he was one of the signers of a petition to the court of common pleas in Worcester county, praying the court to adjourn without doing any business, and that all business should remain as though no court had been appointed. When the request was granted, his men to the number of nearly 3000 marched to their homes. This incident is striking proof of the forbearance and self-control of the men and officers. The weather was bitter cold and the snow deep. Most of them were armed, but they had no blankets, no rations and no shelter. They might have quartered themselves on the people, but did not do so. When the judge announced that their demands were granted they immediately started home. So severe was the weather that a number were frozen to death, and almost every one frost bitten. When the state authorities began in earnest to quell the trouble, Shays was the first singled out for arrest and punishment. The feeling was bitter. Shays as was true of all the other leaders, saw what would come in the end, and determined either to fight the matter out in order to maintain the status quo until the following spring, or else be sure of a pardon before giving up arms.

His admission that he would leave the cause if granted a pardon has been accepted as the confession of a craven and coward. If he was such he would surely have accepted the offer which soon came to him from the governor. His position was the same as that of other leaders in the movement. They had come to see their mistake, and realized the peril in which they stood. Shays, however, did not desert his companions, but clung to his failing

cause until the end. In all his actions as commander, he strove to maintain military discipline, and more than once restrained his men from unwise and foolish acts. But he was never disloyal to the cause to which he gave five years' faithful service, and from all that appears he was a good, law-abiding citizen in his New York home, whither he fled at the final collapse. There is no occasion to eulogize him, still less is there need to blacken his memory. He was a brave revolutionary soldier, and while he, with thousands of patriotic farmers and mechanics sadly mistook the proper method of relieving their great distresses, we can well afford to forget his errors in judgment in our respect for his good service in the cause of the revolution. He died in Sparta, N. Y., in 1825, at the age of 78 years. For many years he received a pension from the government for his revolutionary service.

The people of the Lancastrian towns, so far as known, took no part openly in the trouble, with a single exception. In March, 1787, the governor and council addressed a letter to Sheriff Greenleaf of Lancaster, ordering him to arrest Col. Josiah Whitney, of Harvard, on the ground that his being at large was inconsistent with the safety of the commonwealth. The overt acts, if any, of which Col. Whitney had been guilty, do not appear. Mr. Nourse, in his history of Harvard, says that it was probably some imprudence in speech which gave his foes a chance to denounce him as a public enemy, for he was a strong sympathizer with the malcontents. On his arrest he signed a petition to the governor for release, and after a confinement of 15 days he was admitted to bail. At the next session of the grand jury no one appeared to testify against him, and he was discharged. His imprisonment did not impair the confidence of his fellow citizens, for they elected and re-elected him to the legislature afterward. It is not known that a single man from Lancaster, Sterling, Bolton, or Harvard served in Shays' army. Among the several thousand names of men in the different counties out-

side of Suffolk, who, in the spring and summer of 1787, subscribed the oath of allegiance to the government, not one appears from any of these towns. But a large number, between 150 and 200 or more, did serve in the army of General Lincoln and in the different militia organizations called into service to suppress the trouble.

The probable explanation is that Lancaster was an old town, much older than most of those west of it. Even then it was wealthy for those times, and it had many able, conservative men, who kept the more radical and discontented under control, and who threw the whole weight of their influence on the side of law and authority. A majority of the people sympathized with Shays and his men, but the influence of the wealthy, conservative elements was able to prevent any radical action. The vote for John Hancock in 1787, and the sentiments of the voters expressed in their instructions to Ephraim Carter, show clearly how they stood on the questions of the day. Sheriff Greenleaf, a strong man and of great force of character, was also a resident of the town. The office of sheriff carried more weight with the people than it now does, and Greenleaf's zeal and activity were against the movement and on the side of the state. If he saw a disposition on the part of any to enlist under Shays, it is altogether probable that he used active means to prevent its being carried out. In Townsend, Groton, Boylston and Shrewsbury, which were beyond the reach of his personal influence, were many who joined the ranks of the malcontents, but in the Lancastrian towns such action was prevented.

The rebellion, if rebellion it may be called, cannot be justified on either legal or moral grounds. Under a government where the people choose their rulers and make the laws, insurrection is never permissible, whether the grievance be harsh and unequal statutes or tyrannical and corrupt magistrates. But the circumstances causing the insurrection were extenuating and forbidding severe criticism upon the men taking part in it. Given the same situation today, and what

would happen? The agitation might take a different form, but there would be civil disturbance of some kind, and action quite as drastic and radical. Until by the acts of the state officials the malcontents were thrown on the defensive, the movement was simply an effort on the part of the farmers and mechanics to preserve what little property they had and save themselves from the debtors' prison. Their forbearance and self control should not be forgotten. Through the summer, fall and early winter of 1786, though often assembling in large numbers, most of them with arms in their hands, without commissary or quarter-master's supplies, they shed no blood and did no violence to either persons or private property.

And when the purpose of their meeting was accomplished they quietly went back to their homes. In the last stages, and when it was manifest to leaders and followers that the cause must fail, and that they were liable to indictment and punishment for grave offences, things were said and done for which no apology can be offered. Men laboring under just grievances, and maddened by failure of redress and the fear of punishment, are not usually temperate in speech or conduct. Attempts were early made to fasten upon the agitators the charge that they were intending to invite foreign intervention and were aiming to overthrow the government. Until after the dispersion at Petersham, at least, there is no evidence that either purpose was entertained by any one, and the accusation was indignantly denied. In one of the very last communications addressed by Captain Shays to any state official, and dated January 30, 1787, he declared that the people "were willing to lay down their arms on condition of a general pardon," for said he, "they are unwilling to stain the land which we in the late war purchased at so dear a rate."

But the event did contribute to the result which all anxiously desired and which was to bring the relief so mistakenly sought. It emphasized the already formed conviction of the wisest minds in the nation, that a strong cen-

tral national government was an imperative necessity if the independence of the country was to be preserved and law and order prevail within its borders. Probably no other one incident contributed so powerfully to the acceptance of the proposition which had been already suggested, for a constitutional convention by all the states, or the adoption of the constitution when it was finally formed and submitted to the people as did Shays' rebellion. The federal government, once organized, under the

wise statesmanship of Washington and Hamilton, public confidence was speedily restored and the grievances which lay at the root of Shays' movement quickly disappeared. And I have it from the lips of a descendant of one of his men, who personally knew and talked with some of those prominent in the affair, that the actors were never ashamed of the part they took but justified and boasted of their connection with it down to the last day of their lives.

CLINTON IN THE CIVIL WAR.

A Paper Read Before the Clinton Historical Society and Citizens,

March 14, 1905.

BY JOSHUA THISSELL.

I have been invited to say a few words to you this evening on the topic of "Clinton During the Civil War." When I looked around for material I found myself handicapped, on learning that no newspaper was published in Clinton for nearly three years during the war; judge of my disappointment, as everyone knows that a country weekly newspaper—like a boy's trousers' pocket—is a receptacle for all that is good, bad and indifferent. Foiled at this point, I was compelled to resort to my own memory, aided by diaries, memorandums, etc., together with such facts as were kindly furnished me by a few of the older citizens residing in town at that time, and who, with myself, know full well what civil war means to the peaceable citizen, although not in the exact territory of its hostilities.

After the close of the war a returned soldier, Lieut. William J. Coulter, began the publication of the Clinton Courier; the first issue was on Sept. 2, 1865. It has been ably edited and has maintained its existence about 40 years among a whole avalanche of daily and weekly newspapers, a credit to editor and publisher.

Let us first consider what led up to this cruel and bloody war. Soon after our Puritan forefathers landed on the rock-bound coast of New England they planted the "Liberty tree;" it was a rare species for that time, a goodly

tree, and destined to bear excellent fruit. The soil being good, it grew and flourished for over 140 years, when King George III of the mother country resolved to appropriate to himself some of its luscious fruit, without so much as saying, "by your leave." This excited the ire of his colonies, but they remonstrated in vain, whereupon he threatened to cut it down unless they granted his desires; this brought on the war of the Revolution. You are familiar with the result.

The thirteen original colonies (Query: Is 13 an unlucky number?), entered into an agreement or compact under the title "United States of America," in which they agreed to stand by and protect each other. In the making of this contract which was intended to embrace states which might be added later, they forgot or neglected to look after and kill the worm, human slavery, which was already gnawing at its roots. Here, let us stop and pause, for Massachusetts does not stand guiltless of the crime of holding human beings in bondage; the time was when her people held slaves. I am, however, of the opinion that there was no race distinction at that time, for it is a well known fact that they walked in company to the house of God, belonged to the same church, were christened like other members and drank out of the same com-

munion cup. Liberty and slavery are two such opposites that they could not long exist together without serious trouble. Time passed on; state after state had been added to the union up to the year 1861—28 in all—15 free and 13 slave states. There had been a good deal of friction between the free and slave states. The election of Abraham Lincoln formed a pretext for South Carolina—a'ways a hot-bed of secession, which state for quite a while had been going around with a chip on her shoulder—to withdraw from the union, which she did first and alone, December 20, 1860. She then turned her attention to dragging her sister slave states into the same wicked and unhappy quarrel. At a convention held at Charleston, South Carolina, March 11, 1861, it was resolved "That we, the people of the sovereign states," etc. The word "united" to be forever stricken from their documents; then they began to look around and see what things Uncle Sam had that they might seize and appropriate to their own use. History tells us they seized United States property worth thirty million dollars, and this was done before war was proclaimed. Outside of Charleston harbor was Fort Sumpter, held by the United States. They must have this at all hazards; accordingly they made an attack, which after a short siege fell into their hands, April 12, 1861.

This act aroused the North as one man; two days after its fall President Lincoln called for 75,000 militia, and men almost tumbled over each other in their anxiety to be the first to respond to the call, fearing that the war would be closed and finished and they would not have a hand in the fight, as the general impression was that 75,000 was enough troops to drive the rebels into the Gulf of Mexico. What ignorance was displayed by everybody! The North was not prepared, and the Bull Run disaster opened their eyes to the fact that they had no mean foe to contend with; it was rightly named "Bull Run," as no person ever made tracks from an infuriated beast as did the Northern

soldiers from the Confederate troops; their faces were not to the foe but their coat-tails were. Two of our citizens, Dana I. Jocelyn, principal of the high school, and Dr. Benjamin M. Pevey, dentist, journey to Washington ington and beyond to see the great battle to be fought between the Northern and Confederate armies; they saw enough to satisfy their curiosity and to establish a reputation as excellent sprinters.

Our own military company, the Clinton Light Guard, the pride of the town, was the first to offer its services for the country's defence, and the town did all in its power to prepare and send them off—with revolvers and Bibles—a strange mixture. Their services were promptly accepted, but for some unknown reason they were sent into camp, where they fretted and chafed for nearly two months over their long detention. They had this for their comfort, however, they were saved from the disgrace of the Bull Run disaster. This defeat, so disastrous at the first, proved to be a blessing in disguise, for it aroused the people of the North to a greater and more determined effort.

The president issued another call for 400,000 men. Clinton then set about filling its quota; meeting after meeting was held in the old Clinton hall; speeches were made by our own citizens and others, and a large number of our young men responded gloriously to the call, and the town offered encouragement to those who would volunteer.

At a special town meeting held April 27, 1861, called for the purpose, it was voted: That the town appropriate \$1000 for the purchase of a suitable uniform for the members of the Clinton Light Guard of the 9th regiment. After the above mentioned town meeting was dissolved a citizens' meeting was called over which Charles G. Stevens, Esq., presided, when Franklin Forbes offered the following resolution: "Resolved, that we have full confidence in the honor, manliness, courage and patriotism of the Clinton Light Guard, and that we adopt them with cheerfulness and confidence as the representa-

'tives of us, our feelings and principles." Speeches were made by H. N. Bigelow, Esq., Rev. J. M. Heard, Rev. C. M. Bowers, D. D., Rev. W. W. Winchester, J. T. Dame, Esq., D. H. Bemis and J. H. Vose. Then three cheers were given for the Germans and Irishmen who were ready to enlist in defense of their adopted country, and also three cheers for Clinton Light Guard.

June 1, 1861, the town of Sterling gave the Clinton Light Guard a bountiful collation. They left camp June 25, 1861. At or about this time they, or a portion of the company, enlisted into the service of the United States, as Company C, 15th Regiment of Volunteers.

At a town meeting held July 9, 1861, J. T. Dame, Esq., offered the following motion: "That the selectmen be requested to furnish any assistance that may be needed by the families of those who shall be called into active service, and for this purpose to draw orders upon the town treasurer from time to time."

This was carried, unanimously, and a separate account was kept for several years with the following result: 1861—\$971.93, 1862—\$336.19, 1863—\$133.61, 1864—\$90.52, 1865—\$365.54, 1866—\$139.50, total, \$2037.29. This was in addition to the \$1000 given to the Clinton Light Guard for uniforms, the \$2000 subscribed by citizens, and State Aid furnished to families of soldiers. The physicians also agreed to give their services free to families of soldiers who may need them, during their absence from home in the service of their country.

On July 5, 1862, President Lincoln called for 300,000 more troops, and the governor called for ten or fifteen more regiments, with a premium of \$2 for accepted recruits, first month's pay in advance, bounty of \$25 to be paid on being mustered in, and the balance of \$75 on his honorable discharge, or to his widow in case of death, together with State aid.

On July 19, 1862, at an adjourned meeting of the citizens of Clinton, F. Forbes, chairman, and J. Alexander, secretary, F. Forbes made the following report: "The committee appointed

at the meeting of the citizens on Tuesday evening last, and instructed to investigate the subject of Clinton's quota of recruits to be furnished in answer to the call of the governor of the commonwealth for 15,000 to reinforce the armies of the United States, have entrusted their report to me for presentation to this meeting." Mr. Forbes then made a forcible and stirring address, advocating attending immediately to the call. In the course of his address he said that he had seen and talked with the adjutant general, that he remarked that this call was not to be looked at in the light of a draft, and in his opinion no draft would be made. Speeches were made by several persons, and it was voted that the selectmen be authorized to receive recruits, and a committee of 15 individuals was appointed to aid and assist the selectmen in obtaining enlistments.

August 30, 1862—At a meeting of the town it was unanimously voted, "To pay the sum of \$100 to each man who should volunteer under the second call for 300,000 men."

September 2, 1861—At a meeting in Clinton House hall, J. H. Vose presided, the object being to raise another company. Capt. W. C. Sawyer of Harvard presented his plan for the raising of a second company, to be attached to Gen. Wilson's command. Speakers—F. Forbes, Rev. A. Gould, J. T. Dame, Esq. It is to be presumed that Capt. Sawyer succeeded in raising his company for I have this memorandum: "Capt. W. C. Sawyer wounded at Newburn, North Carolina, amputation of his leg necessary."

September 21, 1861—Six recruits for the German company of Worcester, Louis Wagner, commander. We learn that our German citizens are leaving camp daily for Camp Louis and enrolling their names in Capt. Wagner's company; Clinton has furnished 30 men and 21 of these from the Lancaster Mills corporation. This was a large number, taking into consideration the number of Germans residing in town at that date.

December 7, 1861—At a meeting of the recruiting committee, A. L. Fuller, chairman; F. Forbes, clerk; C. C.

Stone, recruiting agent, the matter of securing a room for recruiting purposes and for holding meetings was considered.

November 21, 1862—A fine sword was presented by H. N. Bigelow, Esq., to William T. Freeman, a foreman of the repair shop at the Bigelow Carpet company. Mr. Bigelow wrote him an excellent letter, and received in return a reply from Mr. Freeman in camp. Mr. Freeman enlisted in the 53d regiment, and was made second lieutenant, December 15, 1862.

March 7, 1862—Franklin Forbes, in behalf of the citizens of Clinton, presented a handsome sword to Capt. Henry Bowman of Co. C, 15th regiment.

Copy from report of E. Brimhall, chief engineer of Clinton fire department for year 1862: "The engineers have felt that the exigency of the times demanded the strictest economy. The war has made large and repeated drafts upon our engine companies. Twice during the year has the fire department been called upon to follow the remains of departed members to the grave who died in their country's service."

Charles Bowman, chief engineer for 1863, says: "The department has furnished from its ranks 109 men to answer the call of our country, more than one-third and nearly one-half of the whole number sent from this town."

Editor W. E. Parkhurst says that ten men enlisted from their printing office, together with the "office dog," but did not say whether the dog lived to get a pension or not. No wonder the paper ceased publication. As near as can be ascertained 37 Irishmen were in the service.

Hon. C. G. Stevens, Esq., received an appointment to take an enrollment of all citizens in the town of Clinton in Worcester county, between the ages of 18 and 45 years, liable to do military duty. It was made in August and September, 1862, with the following result: Total number enrolled, 326; liable, 183; not liable, 143. From which there should be deducted seven exempted by law as holding offices

under the government, leaving 136 ill-disposed.

The president ordered a draft, September 13, 1862. The governor repeated the order, but it was postponed several times, and does not seem to have been executed.

In March, 1863, Congress passed what was called the "conscription act," by which those persons between the ages of 18 and 45 years who were liable to be drafted into the service of the United States, but were excused upon the payment of \$300. Under this act a draft was made and some of our most prominent citizens were the victims: Hon. H. C. Greeley, Eben S. Fuller, Sidney T. Fuller, Wellington E. Parkhurst, Charles H. Parkhurst, David H. Maynard, George W. Weeks, and others—87 in all—of which number 14 were exempted on surgeon's certificate, and 17 who were accepted paid the \$300.

This draft had to be resorted to as something had to be done to fill the diminished ranks. The excitement and enthusiasm which at first manifested itself so strongly had begun to wane and flag, until volunteering had almost entirely ceased; another cause was that the strain of hard times of 1861-62 had passed. Business had begun to brighten and men preferred the quiet of home life to the privations and horrors of war.

In 1860 Clinton had a population of 3869—probably 4000 a year after; her quota seems to have been 155. Her three-year men in 1863 were 216, showing that she had more than done her full duty in her country's cause.

August 12, 1863—Conscripts went to Greenfield by way of Worcester & Nashua railroad to Ayer, then by the Fitchburg to Gardner, formed a company, slightly military in character, Junius D. Hayes, Captain. After passing through the ordeal, the next day they returned, formed again at the railroad station and marched to the Clinton House where they were dismissed, after giving three cheers for the selectmen of Clinton, and three cheers for Capt. J. D. Hayes and staff. They reported excellent treatment.

July 22, 1863—Rumor says that in a neighboring town not 12 miles distant

from Clinton, a business man went to one of our dentist's office to have some teeth extracted; upon an examination the dentist demurred against pulling sound teeth, but the patient insisted upon his performing the operation; the operator complied with his request but did not know his object until the next day in reading his newspaper he found his patient's name as a promising candidate for the state's rendezvous. Of course he was dismissed from the commissioner's office without ceremony.

Several war meetings were held after the draft was made, of which I will only mention two, December 16, 1863—"An enthusiastic war meeting was held in Clinton last Saturday evening, which was addressed by Hon. C. G. Stevens, Rev. C. M. Bowers and J. T. Dame, Esq., all of Clinton; also by Capt. William R. Wheelock of the Massachusetts 15th regiment. Four men enlisted, and the quota is more than half filled; another meeting will be held on Thursday evening, when Rev. Edward A. Walker of Worcester is expected to speak." "The citizens of this town are making arrangements to present a sword, belt, etc., to Wm. J. Coulter, recently promoted to a first lieutenancy in the 15th regiment."

January 13, 1864—A grand finale in the way of war meetings came off on Monday night in Clinton. Maj. M. J. McCaffrey of Worcester and Capt. J. G. Crawford of Michigan made telling speeches, as the result proved, for at the time of the addresses some ten men enlisted, nearly or quite filling the quota of the town. Music by the Glee club and band. Clinton hall was so densely crowded that the foundations furnished evidence of giving way, and a rush was made for the door. But the audience was quieted and instructed to manifest its enthusiasm by clapping rather than stamping.

In addition to the excitement and interest manifested in the volunteering and leaving of our home soldiers, nearly or quite all of the New Hampshire troops passed through town on their way to the seat of war. To carry one regiment it took two long trains of 17 cars, each drawn by two

heavy locomotives. The first train of passenger cars was filled with young men, and the second train contained their baggage. Being obliged to take on water at our station their stay was prolonged for some time. Having received word beforehand of their coming, large numbers of our citizens gathered at the station to cheer them on their way, carrying flowers, eatables, etc., which they appreciated with thankful and grateful hearts. Many had relatives or friends on board the train. The schools were excused for a short time to afford the pupils a chance of seeing them, the boys as they were called, being cheerful and happy. But to the thoughtful mind, to see so many young men on such an errand, either to kill or be killed, and that by their own countrymen, was indeed a sad sight; but then the motive was to check and restrain our Southern brethren from broadening and extending the slavery of human beings. How could we help bidding them God-speed in their journey and in their work?

This cruel and wicked war presented some strange experiences which nothing but a deep love of home, liberty and country could produce. We saw ministers of the gospel whose mission was to preach peace, love and goodwill to all mankind, speaking night after night and urging young men to stand up in defence of liberty and home rights. We saw the quiet and staid Quaker lay aside his honest principles and peculiar garb, for the time being, and don the uniform of Uncle Sam. All honor to him!

But what of the stay-at-homes? I have sometimes thought they who "stayed by the stuff" suffered as much as those did who were in service, and in fact I have had soldiers themselves tell me recently that they thought they did more, and that there was more actual privation endured at home than in camp.

"Were the times hard?" asks someone. Hear what the writer of an article headed "Hard Times," written August 2, 1862, says: "Not a man, woman or child need to be told that the times are hard, they all know it, they all understand it; the fact

haunts us in our dreams, and is ever present with us by day. The pastor sees 'hard times' in the countenances of his money-loving flock as well as in empty slips of the church. The lawyer in the decrease of his clients, and therefore in the amount of his cash receipts. The physician sees the fact, not in the less degree of patients, for persons will be sick, will take medicine, and will contract doctor's bills be the times good or bad—but in the ability of the community to pay their bills in gold and silver for medical advice. The merchant discusses the hardness of the times in the increase of the slowness and the modesty all customers evince in declining to pay bills till politely requested to do so; and lastly do cotton manufacturers and employees bewail the severity of the times as resulting from the almost fabulous prices at which cotton is quoted in the market." In closing, the writer says: "Let us enjoy hard times, if for nothing else than its rarity, for since 1775 hard times and patriotic times have never furnished one hour so weighty in responsibility or so honored in importance as the present."

But what made the times so hard? says another. This I will try to explain. There were many things that went to make times hard. First, gold was withdrawn from circulation soon after the war began and commanded a premium at one time as high as \$2.85. The first number of the Clinton Courant, in September 30, 1865, gave it at \$1.44. As a substitute, congress, in February, 1862, passed an act for the issue of \$150,000,000, legal tender notes, which on account of their color were known as greenbacks. An amusing incident is related by the wife of one of the soldiers. Having purchased a load of wood of a farmer, she gave him a greenback; he took it, looked at its face, turned it over, looked at its back, scanned it closely, and then blurted out: "Madam, I don't know but this may be good money, but I never saw the likes of it. Won't you please give me something different if you have it?" She said, "O, yes." She took it back, and gave him state bank bills in payment, and he went away perfectly satisfied. The

bills, to be sure, were green, but the farmer was ditto—only a good deal more so. Greenbacks at this time commanded a premium of 15 and 20 cents. National banks had not then been organized, and one had to keep his eyes open, for fear of wild-cat bank bills. One man asked for some bills made before the war.

Silver coin soon began to disappear, and in a short time there was none in circulation; then came the dilemma how to make change. The traders in town were, however, equal to the emergency. They issued small cards on which was printed "Good for" (the amount being written, and seldom exceeded 50 cents), signed by the merchant's name and taken only at his store in exchange for goods. Other means were resorted to, such as giving postage stamps for change. One lady was indignant because a certain trader gave her rows of pins to make change, but she had to succumb at last.

Dr. Squills prepared some medicine for a patient of his and told him after taking it would produce the desired "change." "What, you don't say so, doctor?" "It's a fact", said the doctor, "the science of medicine has now reached"—"Well," said the patient, interrupting him, "it is wonderful. If you'd said postage stamps doctor, I would not have said anything, but the desired change, doctor, seems impossible."

Personal scrip served the purpose for a short time, until the government began to issue scrip, as it was called, which was small bits of paper similar in nature to bank bills, on which were printed small amounts, 5, 10, 25 and 50 cents, to take the place of silver coins and was legal tender in the payment of debts of \$5 and \$10. It proved handy and convenient, the only fault being that you could not put your hands in your pockets and jingle them to show you was the possessor of a little money.

The story is told of a certain farmer going to the city of Worcester, who after making his purchases, gave the merchant a bill in payment, and received for change some of the merchant's personal scrip. The farmer

looked at it suspiciously and objected to taking it; he, however, was convinced that was the way of doing business. A few days afterwards he visited the city again; this time he sold the same merchant some of his truck; a bill was handed him in payment; he put his hand in his pocket and began counting out pumpkin seeds to make change. It was now the merchant's turn to object, which he did most vigorously; the farmer claimed that pumpkin seeds was as good a legal tender as his paper cards, and that he stood ready to redeem them at any time when silver coin came again into circulation.

Another element of hard times was high prices during the years 1861 and 1862 and the first part of 1863, when but little was being done and everyone had to practice the strictest economy. Prices did not advance much, but the latter part of 1863, 1864 and 1865, and for several years after the close of the war, every commodity advanced to an alarming extent. To give some idea I will mention a few of the articles that brought a high price: Cotton sheeting and shirting, 60 and 65 cents per yard; calico, from 40 to 75 cents per yard; bed-ticking, that usually sold at 15 cents a yard, went up to \$1.12; turpentine, from 25 cents to \$3 per gallon; coal sold as high as \$14.50 per ton; flour from \$15 to \$20 per barrel; kerosene oil, 38 cents a gallon; raisins, 24 cents a pound; matches 60 cents a gross; butter, 50 to 65 cents a pound; soap, 30 cents a bar; vinegar, 42 cents a gallon; cotton sold as high as \$1 a pound; potatoes, 90 cents to \$1 per bushel; meats not so high as at date.

The Clinton Courant, September 2, 1865, has the following: "In Philadelphia, on Saturday last \$1 and \$1.25 a pound was demanded for butter, and there were a few people foolish enough to pay the outrageous price."

To add still further to the cost of living and enhance hard times, revenue stamps were affixed to everything worn on your back or put in your mouth; even an Irishman could not light his pipe but he must pay to the government a little something for the privilege; everything came under

the ban, and people rejoiced when stamps were done away with.

The blighting effects of the war were perceptib'y shown in the industries of the town; business of all kinds came nearly to a standstill for the years 1861-2; the streets were almost deserted, and a part of the time it seemed as though the grass would grow in the streets. In shop and mill, where had been heard the click of the loom or the ring of the hammer on the anvil from early morn till late at night, all was quiet; the sound had ceased, for many of the operatives had gone to their d'stant homes.

The Lancaster Quilt company, which had been doing a thriving business, closed its doors, having at the time of its stopping some 700 or 800 cases of quilts in its storehouse, and between 100 and 200 bales of cotton on hand for which it had paid between 5½ and 7 cents a pound; after a while cotton began to advance in price; they closed out their entire amount at 12 cents, and thought they had done remarkably well; much to their chagrin and disappointment it steadily advanced in price until it reached \$1 per pound, and little was to be obtained at that price; people ripped open their mattresses and tore out the cotton from their chair cushions to obtain the precious article; common cotton cloth was very dear, as I have already shown. Some discreet persons laid in a good stock at the commencement of the war. The Lancaster Quilt company, though they lost on the sale of the cotton on hand, and could not, at first, dispose of their quilts, made a large sum of money in their sale at the close of the war—enough to make them reconciled to their loss on the sale of their cotton.

The Lancaster Mills had a large quantity of cotton on hand at the commencement of the war; the directors were considering the advisability of selling their cotton and closing their mills. But that noble-hearted man, Franklin Forbes, agent at that time, interceded in behalf of the operatives, a large number of whom had families residing in town and who had no other means of support. He also pointed out the advantage of having help on

hand when business should brighten up. His advice was heeded and acted upon. The mills were run in the forenoon and closed in the afternoon. To have people idle even a part of the time did not quite suit his ideas. Having been principal of the Lowell high school, he conceived the idea of opening a school in the afternoon for such of the operatives as desired to attend, which should be free. It was held in the cloth-room, at that time in the basement of one of the wings of the mill. How long it was kept I am unable to state.

The wisdom of his counsel given to the directors was apparent as the war drew near to a close; having plenty of cotton and the help all ready to work on full time, the business was rushed; meanwhile the price of ginghams advanced to 39 cents per yard, and it was stated that they declared a dividend of 69 per cent—a triumph for Mr. Forbes' good judgment. Possessed of a kind and genial disposition, yet stern and unyielding for the right, he not only won the confidence of the operatives but of all who had dealings with him. Those who enlisted from the corporation were promised their place when they returned from the war, or one equally as good. He had a high sense of honor and was always found on the side of right and justice.

The Bigelow Carpet Company did not suffer in proportion to the other companies in town, as they were not dependent on the South for material.

They, however, were obliged to suspend operations for a large part of the time. I am indebted to Mr. E. W. Burdett, the present agent, for the following statement regarding the amount of time the mills were operated: "From May 1, 1861, to February 1, '62, the works were operated full time only for short periods—about three-quarters time, excepting July and August, 1861—when they were entirely closed excepting for some repair work, and September and October, 1861, when a small number were employed from one-half to two-thirds time. In September, October and November, 1862, the average was less than three-fourths time. In 1863 a new dye-house was built, and in November of that

year the Bigelow Carpet Company purchased the plant of the Clinton Company. The weaving department was entirely shut down during July, August and September. From October, 1863 to April 1865, the works were operated substantially full time. In 1864 a new carding mill was built."

November 22, 1862—A local correspondent writing to the "Worcester Spy," says: "On Monday last that portion of the Carpet Mill which is in running order, started up full time, and the novel sight of the mill lighted until 7 o'clock, throughout the day, its entire length, reminded us of the times when business was brisk and lighting up in all our mills was an every-day occurrence. We dare not predict when those goodly times will come round again, but as we noticed the illumination of the mill on Monday evening we safely concluded the prospects were brightening." It must be taken into consideration, however, that the works at that time were not more than half the present size.

It is refreshing to note the interest manifested by H. N. Bigelow, Esq., the agent at that time, not only in those who enlisted in the service of their country, but in the help employed in the mills, in the advancement of their wages, as the times became better, and that without solicitation on their part. He also took great interest in town affairs; through him and his brother, Erastus B. Bigelow, the company was induced to make quite a present of money to each of the religious societies in town.

We will now note how the different religious bodies in town were affected by the enlistment of their members. First, the Unitarian society furnished the largest number of volunteers—37 in all—and the largest number of officers. Capt. Henry Bowman of the Clinton Light Guard rose to the rank of major, and then to colonel, was taken prisoner at Ball's Bluff, was held with Col. Upton and one other officer as hostages for Mason and Slidell.

The Congregationalist church and society furnished 30 members, as near as can be ascertained, who were in the ranks June 25, 1862, including Lt. Henry S. Robinson. Rev. W. W.

Winchester resigned to become chaplain of one of the hospitals in Washington, D. C.

From St. John's church nearly or quite 27 men showed their interest in their adopted country, and proved their loyalty by being excellent soldiers.

From the Methodist church and society several enlisted. I am unable to state the number. Rev. W. G. Leonard raised a company of volunteers, became captain and then chaplain of one of the regiments.

From the Baptist church and society 19 young men enlisted, and all returned safely to their homes, though in some of the severest battles fought; one was kept from instant death by his pocket Bible, receiving the bullet intended for him. Rev. C. M. Bowers promised to give a large family Bible to the first four volunteers from the church and society. He kept his promise and of the first four each received a large Bible, the cost of which was \$12, or \$48 for the four. He also established a weekly prayer meeting to pray for the soldiers and the success of our army; this was kept up during the entire war. He also held a correspondence with the soldiers, their letters to him being read on Sunday evenings to a large and interested audience. His eldest son, Charles A. Bowers, who was then preparing for the ministry and had nearly completed his course, entered the Christian commission, and while engaged in that work contracted typhoid pneumonia, which was probably the primary cause of his early death.

The interest our citizens took in those who were fighting for liberty, home and country was manifested in their anxiety to hear from those so engaged; every day, morning and evening, when newspapers were brought to town, either from Worcester or Boston, crowds would gather at the place of delivery at E. Ballard's store on High street to secure the latest news from the seat of war; when battles or engagements were being fought it sometimes would be several days before the full particulars would be given.

The wife of one of our soldiers read in the papers that all the color bear-

ers of the 15th regiment were killed at the battle of Antietam, and as her husband was one who bore aloft the country's emblem in the smoke and din of battle she took it for granted that he must be one of the unfortunate ones, and mourned for him as dead. Imagine her joy and surprise after a full week had elapsed to receive a letter from him stating that he was alive, safe and well, and had not received even a scratch.

Another wife went on a visit to a town in the wilds of Maine; there was one store in the village—a kind of a modern department store, where you might obtain nearly everything from a cambric needle to an iron crowbar, and where barre^l, bird-cage, coal-hod and shovel were all huddled together.

The post office was kept in a soapbox in one corner of the store. The store was a place where the villagers assembled to get their letters and to hear and discuss the war news. Expecting a letter from her husband she went to the office and found one from him; she quickly broke the seal and began reading the same; seeing her anxiety, they enquired if she had a friend in the war; she replied that her letter was from her husband who was at the front. They asked how things were progressing. Seeing their deep interest in anything relating to the war, and as her letters contained all the little details of a military life, such as marches from place to place, who fell out by the way, battles, &c., she felt no reluctance in reading the same; this she did several times, much to their great satisfaction. No part of our country but what was deeply interested in hearing from the seat of war.

A clerk in one of the groceries in town, in his round for orders, called upon some of his customers and not finding them as quickly as usual, he waited for a few moments, when the mother and daughter appeared weeping. They explained by saying that they had just received word that "Henry" had been taken prisoner by the rebels. Probably they had in mind the terrors of Andersonville prison.

Most troubles are borne in secret

and alone, and it is well that it is so, for who could bear all the troubles and sorrows of this mortal life that would be heaped upon us? But it is our blessed privilege to play the part of the good Samaritan and alleviate a large part of the ills of life, and to bind up the broken-hearted in spirit. This the ladies of Clinton most graciously and heartily did, not only in their noble aid societies, but by their many generous acts in ministering to the sick and wounded soldiers on their return to their homes.

The records of the Ladies' Benevolent society of the Unitarian parish show that from June, 1861, until January, 1863, the members were engaged almost exclusively in work for the soldiers. The meetings held every two weeks were large, fully attended, and the interest very strong. The society sent boxes of clothing and other supplies to the sanitary commission, also to the N. E. Women's Auxiliary association; many large boxes were also sent to the 15th regiment and one to the Clinton German contingent in the 25th regiment. These boxes contained socks, bedquilts, sheets, pillow-cases, old linens, bed-gowns, dressing-gowns, slippers, flannel shirts, lint, handkerchiefs, towels, drawers, etc. The secretary's report for June, 1862, says: "It is not hard to work for those who hear only the thunder of artillery, who scent the blush of carnage, who fight that we may have home pure, who suffer that we may be happy, who die that we may live. Proud that we are women of Massachusetts, will we not labor for the brave men of Massachusetts who are away on the field of battle?" After July, 1863, in view of the activity of the Ladies' Aid society to which many of the ladies of the parish belonged, and the ability of the Aid society to answer all calls made upon it for the relief of the Clinton soldiers, the Ladies' Benevolent society of the parish, so far as the records show, was occupied with other charitable objects.

The Clinton Aid society was organized May 1, 1864. Meetings were held in the vestries of the several churches until August of the same year, when a room was secured for its use in the

old library building and more active operations were commenced. Meetings were held weekly for sewing, etc. They were well attended and much excellent work was done for the soldiers. Individuals and sewing circles did work at home and presented ready-made articles to the society. Mrs. Franklin Forbes was president and Mrs. C. G. Stevens was secretary the larger part of the time the society continued in existence.

The following is a report of the doings of the society for the year ending August 26, 1863, and may be taken as a sample of the energetic labors of the Ladies' Aid society of Clinton:

"Clinton, August 26, 1863.

"The annual meeting of the directors of the Clinton Soldiers' Aid society was held at the rooms of the society on Wednesday, the 19th inst. From the treasurer's report it appears that the receipts of the society in cash for the year amounted to \$566.64; of this sum \$58.34 was donated by the ladies, the same being the proceeds of a concert given by them. The society is indebted also to John B. Gough for his liberal donation of \$67.65, which sum was realized from the sale of tickets to his lecture on 'London.' During the year the ladies of the society have held 151 meetings, and as the result of their labors some 25 cases of goods have been sent to the soldiers, most of the goods having been distributed through the sanitary commission. Among the articles sent off by the society are 255 pairs of knit hose, 10 pairs of slippers, 97 quilts, 43 pillows, 165 cotton shirts, 33 flannel shirts, 127 pairs of cotton drawers, 25 dressing gowns, 47 packages of lint, 575 rolls of bandages, 60 jars and cans of jellies, etc., and 35 bottles of wine. Officers chosen: F. Forbes, president; Gilbert Greene, treasurer; H. C. Greeley, secretary; Mrs. C. L. Swan, Mrs. J. F. Maynard, Mrs. S. Bowman, Mrs. C. W. Field—with discretionary powers in management of affairs of society." It seems from the above that one gentleman and one lady were chosen from each of the religious bodies in town—Unitarian, Congregational, Baptist and Methodist—as general managers, and that the

ladies chose a president and secretary to have charge of materials and work performed.

November 30, 1861—The relief committee of Clinton sent a large box filled with various articles to Company C, 15th regiment, then in Poolesville, Maryland. William G. Waters, commissary sergeant, after distributing the packages, wrote a long and interesting letter to the Hon. C. G. Stevens, secretary of the committee, in which he says: "I can assure you that our men are very grateful to the committee and to all who took an interest in it for their kindness towards them, and many are the thanks I have received for you all. After I had opened the box in the morning and delivered the packages marked for different individuals in the company, I took it to my tent and spread the contents out, and as our men came in one after another, it would have done you good to see their countenances brighten up and hear their words of praise for friends at home. One thing in particular took their notice, and that was, as one of the boys said—"the good old tobacco." To each one I gave (as long as it lasted) one plug or hand, and I think some of our boys feel as good as though they were at their mother's pantry. But do not for a moment think that such acts of kindness will soon be forgotten by us, for it will not be so; we will remember it at our campfires at night and in the long weary days that we spend away from our hearthstones, and ever in the hour of danger we will remember that we are not only fighting for the union and constitution, but for our friends at home, who, if we do our duty nobly, will ever feel proud of her sons. If there is anything that will give courage to soldiers it is when they know that they have willing hands and cheerful hearts to help them along; then it is they are fearless, active and brave, ready at all times to do honor for their country and homes."

On April 19, 1865, Mrs. Roger

Eccles' friends presented her with a purse of \$400; her husband was murdered at Andersonville—she having a large family and well deserving of the gift.

Lee surrendered April 9, 1865, and Johnson April 26, 1865, and the war was at an end.

The grand finale in the way of demonstration came off in this town on Monday, upon the receipt of the news that Lee had surrendered to Grant. The various mills were closed as were the schools; at noon and night, for one hour, all the village bells chimed their song of jubilee and guns were fired. In the afternoon the "Retreat of Lee" was enacted by a squad of infantry whose uniform and equipments were supposed to be veritable types of those of the rebel Virginia army during the past ten days. The detachment was commanded by S. W. Tyler, who ably represented the fallen Confederate hero. In the evening the entire village was most brilliantly illuminated to a degree hitherto unsurpassed in this vicinity.

Several times I have been told that this country would never again be engaged in a civil war, but we are told "Let not him that girdeth on his armor boast himself as he that putteth it off." Already a wicked sprite is abroad in our land, in the form of greed; already we hear the mutterings of anger and the grinding of teeth. Who can prophesy the result of the troubles between labor and capital? The millennium has not yet come when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and a little child shall lead them, neither has the time arrived when "swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks, when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

God speed the day when the "Prince of Peace" shall reign supreme from shore to shore, when man shall look at his fellow-man, not in malice and anger, but in love and good will.

CLINTON'S MILITIA.

A Paper Read at a Meeting of the Clinton Historical Society, on
March 14, 1904.

BY JUDGE CHRISTOPHER C. STONE.

The definition of the term *Militia*, as given in the *Century Dictionary*, is "A body of men enrolled and drilled according to military law as an armed force, but not as regular soldiers, and only called out in an emergency for actual service, and periodically, for drill and exercise." John Fiske, in his *Amer. Pol. Ideas*, says: "Each state maintains its own militia which it is bound to use in case of internal disturbance before calling upon the central government for aid. In times of war, however, these militias come under the control of the central government."

In the earliest history of the New England colonies we find that trainbands were formed for protection against the Indians, each man owning his equipments, consisting usually of a gun and powder horn with two spare flints, and acting under a leader chosen by themselves. This was the militia of those days.

Lancaster and vicinity furnished many militia-men for the Colonial wars. Col. Samuel Willard of Lancaster commanded the Fourth Mass. regiment at the siege of Louisburg in 1745. In this regiment were two companies of men from Lancaster commanded by Capt. John Warner and Capt. Abijah Willard. In 1748 Capt. Ephraim Wilder raised a company of

militia at a moment's warning to pursue the Indians who had made a raid on an isolated settlement in Ashby. Col. Samuel Willard was the ranking officer of this militia district for 25 years. Three of his sons attained the rank of colonel. (He died in Lancaster, Nov. 19, 1752.) His son, Samuel, was commander of a regiment in the campaign against Crown Point in 1755. Three companies in this regiment were raised in Lancaster, and the captains were Joseph Whitcomb, Asa Whitcomb and Benjamin Ballard. The same year Capt. Abijah Willard, who afterwards became colonel, raised a company and joined the expedition against Acadia and took an active part in the devastation of this region, one of the fairest in America. It appears from a journal kept by him at this period that he performed this inglorious service reluctantly, and confessed that it seemed to be something shocking. Capt. Benjamin Ballard commanded a company in the campaign against Crown Point in 1756, and Capt. Nathaniel Sawyer and Capt. John Carter led companies to the relief of Fort William Henry the same year. Asa and Joseph Whitcomb, brothers, were in command of companies at the siege of Ticonderoga in 1758. Abijah Willard had become colonel, and Aaron Willard had command of a com-

pany in his regiment. A little later was organized as "train-bands" and Thos. Beaman was captain of a company in the same regiment. In 1762 a second regiment was formed in the sixteen and sixty-five, with a few exceptions, was enrolled and in training for the coming strife. When the alarm came on the 19th of April, 1775, the militia of this section had many eager and resolute men prepared to take active part in the war which followed. On that memorable day Capt. Thomas Gates marched with a company of mounted men, known as the Lancaster Troops, and it is believed took part in the day's battle. (He was an ancestor of the late John Gates of Sterling.)

In 1771 the regiment had been increased, so that it comprised sixteen companies of infantry and two of mounted men. Until 1774 it was commanded by Col. Caleb Wilder. Then, at the request of the county convention, the officers all resigned their commissions and the regiment ceased to exist.

This convention was held in Worcester, and the militia was reorganized. Out of this body of men came the minute-men who fought the British regulars at Concord and Lexington, followed Ethan Allen to Ticonderoga, and with Stark as their leader won the battle of Bennington. This force was always ready to fight in defence of their homes against Indians or foreign invaders.

Seven Worcester county regiments were formed. The third, or Lancaster regiment, included the companies from Lancaster, Bolton, Harvard, Leominster, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Ashburnham and Westminster. None of the old officers were re-elected. I find no reason given for this, but it was, presumably, owing to the fact that they were men beyond the prime of life, and younger men would be more in accord with the forced excitement of the times. One, at least, Col. Abijah Willard, was a loyalist, and left Lancaster April 19, 1775, never to return. Col. Asa Whitcomb of Lancaster was elected to command this regiment, and his brother, John, of Bolton, was placed in command of another Worcester County regiment of "minute-men." Aside from these regiments, the militia

Capt. John Prescott, one of the inheritors of the blood and spirit of John Prescott, the founder of Lancaster, with a company of minute-men also started at once upon hearing the alarm from Lexington, but probably did not reach the scene of conflict in time to take part in it. Several of the companies in the regiments of Cols.

John and Asa Whitcomb marched to Cambridge and took part in the siege of Boston, and later many of the men enlisted in the Continental army. Col. John Whitcomb was made general, and took part in the first council of war held at Cambridge the day after the Concord fight. On June 13th, this same "Hon. John Whitcomb, Esq." as we find him designated, was elected first major-general of the Massachusetts army, and the following year he was commissioned brig.-general in the Continental army. His military services and ability seem to have been generously appreciated by the Provincial congress, and we find him described as "one of the sterling disinterested officers of the early revolution."

Col. Asa Whitcomb's regiment took part in the battle of Bunker Hill and had five killed, eight wounded and two missing. This regiment was the largest of the 26 Massachusetts regiments taking part in the siege of Boston. Col. Whitecomb's record as a soldier and patriot is not less honorable than his elder brother's, and many interesting details are given of his career in the "Military Annals of Lancaster." Before the close of the war he removed to Princeton, where

he died in 1804. In December, 1775, Capt. Nathaniel White of Lancaster marched with 46 men to reinforce the army around Boston. After the evacuation by the British this company was detailed, with two others, to garrison Boston. In the following August they were ordered to Fort Ticonderoga and remained there till some time in 1776, when the regiment was again re-organized.

In March, 1776, the second Worcester County regiment of militia was organized with six companies from Lancaster, and two each from Bolton and Harvard. Josiah Whitney of Harvard was chosen colonel. I do not think this regiment took any part, as a regiment, in the Revolutionary war. Detached companies were sent at times to various points for short service. Many members of both regiments enlisted in the Continental army. Capt. Andrew Haskell, with a company of 79 men, was sent to garrison Hull in April, 1776. Capt. Samuel Sawyer, also of Lancaster, was sent to New York for four months with 80 men, in response to a request from the Continental congress. A bounty of three pounds was promised each volunteer and eighteen shillings to each man for the use of arms and accoutrements. Capt. Sawyer's order-book is still preserved in the state archives. Capt. Manasseh Sawyer with 92 men, was stationed at Dorchester Heights for eight months this same year, and again in 1778, with 64 men, was among those detailed for the Rhode Island campaign. A company under command of John White marched to Bennington in July, 1777, and served one month and eight days. Capt. Luke Wilder, with 59 men, served in the Continental army for two months in 1779. Capt. Nathaniel Wright, with a company of 33, including men from Lancaster, Sterling, Bolton and Harvard, served a few months at West Point in 1781, the year which virtually ended the war.

From the records of Massachusetts it seems that nearly every able-bodied man in Lancaster and adjoining towns served either in the militia or Continental army at some time during the Revolutionary war, and in the majority of cases efficiently and honorably. I

am largely indebted for many facts in regard to the Colonial and Revolutionary wars to Mr. Nourse's "Military Annals of Lancaster."

After the Revolution, laws were passed requiring all able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, with a few exceptions, to be enrolled and to meet twice each year for inspection and drill. Every man failing to appear without satisfactory excuse was fined, and a man whose equipments were not in proper order was also punished in the same way. This law in regard to enrollment still exists, and it was from such a force that drafts were made during the war of the rebellion.

In Massachusetts, after the war of 1812, the militia-men were allowed to form themselves into volunteer companies and were known as the Mass. Volunteer Militia. They were obliged to furnish their own uniforms, arms, and accoutrements, and received no pay.

The first record I find of any company of this kind in this part of the state is that of the Lancaster Light Infantry, organized in 1825. To show the feeling existing among the people at that time I quote from the preamble to their by-laws, adopted May 3, 1825: "A large standing army being justly considered as adverse in its very institution to the genius of a republican form of government, the main reliance for national defence is placed on the patriotism and energy of the great body of citizens. Here we look for protection from foreign invasion and domestic disturbance. On these we depend for internal security when the civil authority is obstructed in the proper execution of its laws. It therefore becomes important that the militia of the country be under good organization and imbued with a sense of the importance of strict discipline."

The company by-laws required that each member should provide himself with a good musket, a complete set of accoutrements and uniform. An assessment was levied each year to pay for the powder used by the company. These by-laws were signed by 58 citizens of Lancaster and vicinity. We find in this list the names of many whose descendants are still living

among us, some of whom served in our Civil war. Asahel Harris, who built the brick house on Water street, was chosen the first captain. In reading their preamble we note that the feeling existing then in regard to a standing army is the same as held by many people of the present day, although the Civil war convinced most practical-thinking men that a standing army was necessary for the support of any government.

The Lancaster artillery, the Sterling Rifles and Bolton Blues were among other volunteer companies formed about that time—also a company of minute-men from Berlin and adjoining towns, called troops then. Nearly every town in Worcester County had one or more of these companies, as the young men preferred to join them rather than to train in the old militia or slam-bangs. All the companies in this section, except the one in Sterling, had been disbanded prior to the organization of the Clinton Light Guards in May, 1853. At this time the volunteer militia of Worcester and the western counties was organized as the Third Division of Mass. Volunteer Militia, and was commanded by Major-General Hobbs of Worcester. The Division was composed of the Fifth and Sixth Brigades. The Fifth Brigade, composed of the Worcester County regiments, was in command of Brig.-Gen. Morse of Leominster, and the Sixth Brigade, made of men in the western counties, was commanded by Brig.-Gen. A. A. Richmond of Springfield. The Fifth Brigade included the Ninth and Tenth regiments, Col. Edwin Upton of Fitchburg in command of the Ninth, and Col. A. H. Foster of Worcester, the Tenth. The Clinton Light Guards were attached to the Ninth regiment, as Co. C, making six companies in all, two in Fitchburg, one each in Ashburnham, Leominster, Sterling and Clinton.

Prior to 1860 the statutes of the state provided that the members of volunteer companies should not exceed one hundred and twenty, and the whole force five thousand, officers and men. Non-commissioned officers and soldiers were enlisted for a term of five years, and in case of war, or to aid civil officers in execution of the laws

of the commonwealth, were the first to be ordered into service. Each company was furnished with tents and such arms and equipments as the commander-in-chief should determine. Their equipments usually consisted of a musket, a cartridge box, a belt and a canteen for each enlisted man, and in addition, swords for the non-commissioned officers. They were required to furnish their own uniforms. The commissioned officers also provided their own uniforms, and such badges of office as the commander-in-chief designated. The towns then, as now, were obliged to provide an armory, and were paid rent for the same by the commonwealth. All uniforms, arms and accoutrements owned by the officers and soldiers and required to assemble on two separate days between the middle of May and the middle of July for elementary drill, and the division commander was required annually to order an encampment of his division by brigades and regiments, at some time between the middle of July and the middle of October, each encampment to last three days, and every non-commissioned officer or private neglecting to appear, when so ordered, was liable to a fine of five dollars. Every officer and soldier of the volunteer foot-companies received for each day's duty in camp the sum of two dollars and fifty cents.

May 3, 1853, Gilman M. Palmer and 47 others petitioned his Excellency Governor Clifford for leave to raise a company of Light Infantry in the town of Clinton and vicinity. This petition was granted, and on May 4 orders were issued for an election of officers and also an order directing that said company, after the election and qualifying of its officers, be incorporated into the Ninth Regiment of Light Infantry, Fifth Brigade, Third Division, and known as Co. C of said regiment. The election was held at the Clinton House, May 12, 1853, and the following officers were elected and duly qualified: Captain, Gilman M. Palmer; 1st lieutenant, Andrew L. Fuller; 2d lieutenant, Henry Butterfield; 3rd lieu-

tenant, Henry Eddy; 4th lieutenant, of Fitchburg figuring as Lord Cornwallis. The Continental army was represented by several companies of citizens and a party of men from Berlin disguised as Indians, all under the command of Col. Richardson of Leominster as General Washington. An immense crowd of people assembled to witness the battle, which was fought on the northern slope of Burditt Hill. After the surrender a collation was served in which the victors and vanquished shared alike. This event took place where the town hall now stands. The affair wound up in the evening with a ball, which was largely attended. We, who engaged in the mimic warfare of that day, little thought that in a few short years some of our number would be called upon to face the realities of war and to take part in some of the deadliest battles ever fought.

Up to this time no militia company had existed within the territory which is now Clinton, but several of its citizens had been commissioned officers in the companies of Lancaster and the other towns. Oliver Stone had been captain of the Lancaster Artillery; Nathaniel Johnson of a company in Leominster; Jeremiah Barnard of a Harvard company and Francis Brigham of a Lancaster company, and others had been commissioned as subaltern officers.

The first appearance of the Clinton Light Guards in their fine blue uniforms was on July 4, 1853. A parade, dinner, speeches and fireworks made it a red-letter day—even the ladies and Sunday-school children participating. I doubt if a prouder set of men ever paraded the streets of our town. The fact that they had had but little military drill did not lessen their confidence or the admiring interest of friends. Among the vivid personal memories of that notable day I recall the great discomfort experienced in wearing uniforms which were very thickly padded by our painstaking tailors, Haverty and Jerauld, who appreciated the importance of giving our figures a martial appearance.

The Clinton Light Guards engaged the services of William Warren of Lancaster as drill-master. The time was short, as the first encampment was held at Springfield in September. This was a division encampment and included all the companies of the Third Division. It was said that the drill of the Clinton Light Guards was better than that of many of the older companies. Up to the outbreak of the war they had the reputation of being one of the best companies, in all respects, in the Third Division. The anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis was celebrated here October 19, 1853. The Ninth Regiment represented the English forces, Col. Upton

of Fitchburg figuring as Lord Cornwallis. The Continental army was represented by several companies of citizens and a party of men from Berlin disguised as Indians, all under the command of Col. Richardson of Leominster as General Washington. An immense crowd of people assembled to witness the battle, which was fought on the northern slope of Burditt Hill. After the surrender a collation was served in which the victors and vanquished shared alike. This event took place where the town hall now stands. The affair wound up in the evening with a ball, which was largely attended. We, who engaged in the mimic warfare of that day, little thought that in a few short years some of our number would be called upon to face the realities of war and to take part in some of the deadliest battles ever fought.

The second encampment, in which only the Ninth Regiment took part, was held at Leominster in August, 1854. In April, 1855, Capt. G. M. Palmer was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the Ninth Regiment, and Lieut. A. L. Fuller was commissioned captain in his place. The encampment of 1855 was of the Fifth Brigade, and held at West Brookfield three days in September. Frederick Sawyer, a member of the company, died March 28, 1856, and was buried with military honors. The Ninth Regiment held its annual encampment at Leominster in September, 1856. In December, Capt. Fuller was honorably discharged at his own request, and Henry Butterfield made captain of the company. The encampment this year was by brigades and was held at Worcester in September. Up to this time the Ninth Regiment had been under the command of Col. Edwin Upton, but in November, 1857, he resigned, and the command devolved upon Lieut.-Col. Palmer. In February, '58, Capt. Butterfield was honorably discharged, and Christopher C. Stone was elected captain of the company. In April of the same year Col. Upton was again commissioned colonel of the Ninth. The encampment of 1858 was by divisions, and was held at Springfield. Maj.-Gen. Augustus Morse of Leominster was then in command of the Division

and Brig.-Gen. Samuel H. Leonard of Worcester commanded the Fifth Brigade. In July, 1859, the company in Sterling disbanded, leaving only five companies in the regiment.

In 1859 Gov. Banks ordered an encampment of all the militia of the state at one time and place, and this encampment was held at Concord the 7th, 8th and 9th days of September. It was an occasion of great interest. The air was filled with rumors of the coming trouble with the South, and there was an increasing interest in the appearance of the militia, and on all sides expressions of satisfaction that so large a force could be so readily assembled.

A United States army officer, who was present, pronounced the drill and manoeuvres of the force assembled to be very creditable.

July 5, 1860, Joseph Rice of Ashburnham was commissioned colonel and Capt. Stone major of the Ninth Regiment, and in August Henry Bowman was commissioned captain of the company. When the call came in April, 1861, for three months' men to put down the rebellion, the Ninth Regiment, through their colonel, Joseph Rice, volunteered, and were placed under orders, but in consequence of the small number of companies in the regiment, it had to wait,

as it was decided to send first the regiments having the full complement of men. After waiting anxiously for several days, we were told that no more three months' men would be sent. When the call came for volunteers for three years the Ninth Regiment lines were broken and the Clinton Light Guard became Co. C of the Fifteenth Regiment. The old Ninth ceased to exist, and the field and staff officers were honorably discharged.

In Mr. Ford's "History of Clinton," we have a comprehensive and eloquent account of the part borne by our Clinton soldiers in the preservation of the Union.

It was several years after the close of the Civil war before any attempt was made to revive the militia. The part taken by the Clinton men in the organization of Co. K and the loyal response of that company to the call of an oppressed people in 1898, belong to the history of later times.

It has been the object of this paper to show the origin and growth of the militia, and the training of the citizens in this vicinity for taking their part in the life of the nation in times of war.

As to the need and worth of such an organization, the records of the Revolutionary and Civil wars abundantly

OLD HOUSES IN CLINTON

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER C. STONE — DECEMBER 10, 1894

The subject of the paper which I have prepared for your consideration this evening is "The Old Houses of Clinton," and in commencing I will ask you to go back with me two hundred and forty years, and for a moment picture to yourself what Clinton then was. An unbroken forest, here and there a little patch of meadow or interval and, probably, untrodden by the foot of white man. The Nashua river carrying, possibly, a larger volume of water than at present, run the entire length of the town, most of the way between high hills, entering the town at the south end and leaving it at the north. Through the central part of the town run South Meadow brook, emptying into the Nashua river near the present line between Lancaster and Clinton. The water power of these streams was of such a nature that it was easily made available for the moving of machinery and was early made use of. Within the limits of the town were three large natural ponds. This is a brief description of the physical features of that part of Lancaster which afterwards became the town of Clinton, when John Prescott came and settled in Lancaster.

On September 20, 1653, the inhabitants of Lancaster agreed with John Prescott on the building of a corn-mill on South Meadow brook, and on March 23, 1654, he commenced grinding corn in this mill. This was the first building erected in Clinton, and it is reasonable to suppose that Prescott built a house the same year, as it is known that his family lived here in 1655. There is a difference of opinion as to the location of this first house; one writer locates it near the south-east corner of High and Water streets, another near the house on Prospect street formerly owned by Sydney T. Howard, (now H. S. F. Sears). Mr. Marvin says "near the corn-mill," but his date is 1711 and must refer to the second Prescott house. I fix the location of the first house on the high land a little south of the house of Mr. Dame. I well remember playing, when a boy, in an old cellar hole in that vicinity and of being told that it was the site of the old garrison house. It certainly was not on the side hill but upon the level land. It was in the pasture belonging to Emory Harris.

I cannot find that any other house was erected in Clinton previous to the destruction of Lancaster by the Indians, in 1676; still it seems as the

able that there may have been, although I can find no record of any family but the Prescotts in Clinton, during those twenty-three years. On February 10, 1676, most of the houses in Lancaster were destroyed by Indians. The Prescott mills and house escaped, but six weeks later Mr. Prescott and the other inhabitants of Lancaster, abandoned their property and the buildings were soon afterward burned. But John Prescott was not disheartened; on July 8, 1679, he, with eight others, petitioned the General Court for leave to resettle the town, and in 1680 he returned and rebuilt his mill, and probably his house, as he died here December 20, 1681.

According to the deposition of Thomas Wilder, Mr. Prescott, six hours before his death, gave to his son John his two mills, corn-mill and saw-mill, with the land belonging thereto and several other tracts of land, but no mention is made of any house. But as there is no evidence of his building on his old lot in Lancaster, I think there is no doubt that the new house was built here and that he died here.

The location of this second Prescott house is also in doubt. On April 20, 1704, an order was issued by the Governor of the Province to the inhabitants of Lancaster to repair to their several garrisons, and four men were assigned to Prescott's garrison. Mr. Nourse locates this garrison site as southeast of and very near the crossing of High and Water streets. Mr. Marvin says: "near the corn-mill." I think there is good reason to believe that this house was on the site of the old house in the rear of the Woodruff block. In the cellar of this house there was, and perhaps is at the present time, an old well, indicating that it was once used for garrison purposes. At any rate this site and the present house were in the possession of the Prescott family at the time of the coming of Poignand and Plant.

It is impossible for me to fix the location of the next house erected in Clinton. Several persons had land allotted to them on the resettlement of the town, and their names as far as I can ascertain were Richard Wheeler, John Houghton, John Rigby, Thomas Wilder, Thomas Tooker, James Butler and John Hinds. There is evidence of an old road leading from the Old Common in Lancaster to Prescott's mill and crossing the river by a bridge a little way above the island. This bridge was known as the "Sear Bridge," and frequent mention is made of it in the Lancaster records. It is said that several houses were built on the line of this road. I find evidence of three.

One on the side hill on the east side of the river, one on the interval north of Allen street, and one on the plain east of Rodger's mill.

The first of the three mentioned was on land afterwards included in the Allen farm. I am unable to find by whom it was built but it was used during the Revolutionary war as a pest house, and the bodies of several persons who died of small pox were buried in that vicinity. Fifty years ago the land about this place was used for pasturage, and the cellar wall and well were plainly visible. Since that time there has been a large

stack of wood on the land, which has been lately cut off, but portions of cellar wall can still be seen.

The site of the house north of Allen street is marked by a slight depression in the ground and two very old apple trees. The land upon which this house was built was included in the grant made to John Prescott in consideration of his building the corn-mill, and may have been built for one of his sons, although I have no evidence that such was the case.

The third one of these houses stood on land now owned by Rufus P. Boynton, on the bluff east of Rodger's mill. Fifty years ago the cellar hole was plainly seen and indicated quite a large house. Round it were several very large old pear trees of the kind first introduced into this country, and called the "Iron Pear." In 1750, Ebenezer Allen moved into this house, and was the last person to occupy it. There is a tradition that the first occupant of this house secreted upon the Allen farm a large sum of money, and during the early part of the present century many attempts were made to find this hidden treasure.

In April, 1717, the town of Laneaster, on petition of John Goss, changed the location of the road from Scar bridge to Prescott's mill, bringing the line of the road past and near to the last two houses mentioned, and I am therefore inclined to believe that John Goss lived in one of these houses.

In 1751, Mr. Allen built a grist mill near the spot now occupied by Mr. Rodger's mill, and in 1764, a house on the land where the house of E. A. Currier now stands. This house was occupied by the Allen family till 1816, and was torn down by Mr. Currier some years ago.

In 1775, there was a house standing near the corner of South Main and Coachlace streets; it is described as being a small three-roomed house, with small diamond-shaped panes of glass in the windows, indicating that it was very old. I think this was the original Sawyer house, as the Sawyer family owned all the land between the Prescott farm, Sandy pond and the river. This house with a parcel of land was given to Betty Sawyer by her father, Moses Sawyer, as her marriage portion in 1796. She married Joseph Rice and they occupied the old house several years, and then built a new one near the same site; this house was destroyed by fire about forty years ago.

Many years ago, I think about 1830, an old well, stoned up and carefully covered, was found on the eastern slope of the hill near the Clinton reservoir. There were also several very old apple trees growing there, indicating that at a remote period, there must have been a house in that vicinity. James Butler and John Hinds both had land bordering on rattlesnake rock, which I suppose refers to the ledge on the east side of that hill; so it is quite probable that this house was built by one of these men.

Prior to 1750 John Sampson lived in a small house in what is sometimes called the old "Brick-yard place", near the brook east of the Catholic cemetery. I think he built the house in 1746, but am not positive. In 1780 this house was unoccupied but later it passed into the hands of John Severy and from him to Levi Howe, who occupied it many years. The house has long since fallen down but the cellar wall still marks the

place which was once the home of a large family, Mr. Sampson having had eight children, all, I think born in this house. John Severy also had a large family. He died in 1834, at the age of eighty-two, on the farm known as the Cushing place, in the family of Winsor Barnard, who married Mr. S.'s daughter. He received a pension for his services in the Revolutionary war. John Sampson was also a soldier, having served in the colonial war of 1758 in a company commanded by Capt. Asa Whitcomb of Lancaster.

There is some evidence that a house once stood on the side of the hill near the foot of Church street. When the brick school-house was built, in 1824, in excavating for the foundation, remains of the old house were discovered and tradition has it that at a very early period in the settlement of the town this house was occupied by an old man who gained a subsistence by weaving cloth on a hand loom. I find in Mr. Nourse's early records of Lancaster the name of Thomas Ross, a weaver, coming from Woburn to Lancaster in 1670. Possibly he may have been the man. His house was burned by the Indians in 1704. He died in 1718.

In 1807, there was a very old, unoccupied house standing near the house of Patrick Burns on the Rigby Road. This has always been known as the Rigby place. John Rigby came to Lancaster in 1654. In 1659 a division of all the meadow land in Lancaster was ordered by the Selectmen. There were thirty-nine persons who had rights in this division and John Rigby was No. 34 in the order issued. A part of the land selected by him lay on the Rigby road, opposite the spot where the old house afterwards stood. There is no evidence that he built any house there, and the house referred to must have been built long after his death. He left Lancaster after its destruction by the Indians and never returned. Upon the re-settlement of the town this land came into the possession of the Prescott family, and was sold by Jabez and John Prescott to Benejah Brigham in 1790. The house was very old and unoccupied at that time and I think must have been built by some member of the Prescott family. Later it was repaired and for some time occupied by Eben Pratt. It was torn down by Mr. Stewart when the present house was built, in 1856.

In 1807 John Goldthwaite bought of Benejah Brigham a part of the Hunt farm. The house stood on the southwest corner of North Main street and Kendall court. It was very old and had been occupied by Mr. Hunt many years. It soon passed into the hands of Nathan Burditt and from him to Poignand & Plant. The old house was torn down about 1850 to make way for a new one.

In 1796 Jacob Stone bought a large tract of land lying between the Catholic cemetery and the Boylston town line, and built a large, square house near the spot where Jos. Ledbetter's house now stands, on the road to Worcester. He lived here till the spring of 1842, when his house was destroyed by fire. An old apple tree and slight depression in the ground show the location of the house.

My object in writing this paper has been to bring to your minds the fact that these old houses did exist, hoping that others of the society will

be able to tell us more of them and their builders. I have confined myself with, I believe, one exception, to houses that have been entirely destroyed and, in some instances, only tradition tells of their existence.

Only a part of the town has been considered in this paper. Harris Hill, the locality named "Lancaster Mills," and the entire east side of the river, with one exception have, for lack of time, been omitted. I cannot leave the subject without again expressing the hope that more facts may be drawn out in regard to the builders of these early homes and especially in reference to the exact location of the first Prescott house. It being beyond question that John Prescott built the first house within the limits of the town of Clinton, it seems of extreme importance to those of us who take special interest in the history of our town, to determine just where this house was located, as from that little log-house and mill of John Prescott has sprung the large and flourishing town which is now the home of so many happy and prosperous people.

REMINISCENCES OF SCHOOL DAYS

DR. GEORGE W. BURDETT—MARCH 11, 1885

After a brief reference to the topography of the country in early years, Dr. Burdett said that seventy years ago there were no “streets” in Clinton, only two “roads;” one led the traveller from Groton through Lancaster, Worcester and Springfield to New York, the local section of which we now call Main street; the other was the road to Bolton and Berlin, which we now call Water street; here and there were patches of land used for planting, with thick woods east of Chestnut street; the territory between Chestnut and Main streets was cultivated; one of the last of the native trees which fell was a large chestnut situated between the lots of the writer and Dr. Morse. On the west side of Main street there was a forest to Rigby road, extending to the south. He said :

At our last meeting our president took us back 220 years, calling our attention to places and events none of us could recall. His very interesting paper should go on the records of this society.

I am merely to say a few words, occupying but a short space of your time, and perhaps I cannot do better than to commence with my early school days, calling your attention to what was then “School District No. 10” of Lancaster. The first school-house, so far as I am able to say, stood nearly where the house of the late Mrs. Abbie Morgan Jackson now stands, corner of Main and Sterling streets. It was a small wooden building of no great pretensions. There was a fireplace in one corner of the room in which large logs of wood were piled, and in cold weather we would nearly blister ourselves while warming and so cold were our backs that the chills played between our shoulder blades, unless the backs had been recently basted with the tough birch or hickory. For it is well remembered by some of us that the efficient and successful teacher must be one who should “switch” ideas into the boys if they would not receive them the natural way.

My first teacher was a Miss Goodwin of Lancaster. I entered upon the duties of my school life at the mature age of three years. Not the primary school, for we had no primary, intermediate, grammar and high schools, but all entered, progressed and graduated from the same room. But not the same teacher. Did I say teacher? Oh, no! We had no “teacher” in those days. In the summer we had a school mistress, often called “school ma’am,” though the latter term was not disrespectful. And in the winter we had a male teacher, called school master, and “master” he intended always to be.

But one incident of my first school stands out prominently in my memory and that I will refer to—(reference being made to an instance, where for some forgotten misdemeanor the teacher, tying the naughty little boy's arm with "quality," under the threat of practicng the operation of phlebotomy, extorted a promise to forever be a good boy.)

From this I entered the winter school in the year 1824, this being held in the brick school-house, erected the same year and stood very nearly on the spot where J. C. Parsons' blacksmith shop now stands, on Main street. My first school master was Ezra Kendall of Sterling, a noble man, who died two years ago, aged 92. (Dr. Burdett here exhibited a photograph of the venerable teacher.)

About eighteen houses were the number in the district, and yet with so few families the school was large. It was not at that day considered a sin if there were more than one or two children in a family. They had not forgotten the command, "Multiply and replenish." I recall two families of twelve children each, so you can understand how we could have a large school with a small number of families. We were all in one room and under the care of one teacher, from the child of four years, in his A, B, Cs to the blushing maiden of eighteen and the stalwart boy of twenty or twenty-one. We all read and spelled twice each day, from the youngest to the oldest, also had daily lessons in writing, grammar, geography and arithmetic, and algebra—if the master was qualified to teach it.

Our rules were inflexible and the punishments following the transgressions were swift and sure. I'll name a few—(mention being made of holding down a nail, or suspension by the hands to the top of a door).

In those days, as now, there were the two distinct classes of pupils, the ambitious and the dull.

In those times, hard work and self-denial were necessary in order to obtain an education, particularly a collegiate one. Still, four entered college from District No. 10. Two at Brown, one at Harvard, and one at Amherst. These long since "passed on" save one, who is still a practising lawyer in Boston, Asa Wellington. The first pupil from District No. 10, of Lancaster, who entered college was George Harris, who afterwards graduated from Brown. But the first from this town was George I. Chace, brother of the late Alanson Chace; he also graduated from Brown, and later on was professor and president "pro tem" at same place. He was a good type of the old English gentleman. For many years he resided in Providence, R. I.

In connection with this subject of education, I am reminded of one incident, in direct contrast with the above (referring to a family, the mother of whom entertained the idea that children learned more of evil than good at school, kept her children all at home, and just previous to her death secured a promise from her husband that they should never be sent. When 21, the older boy came into the school barely knowing something of his letters, but learned to read during the winter.)

Though we had no football teams, no golf, no gymnastics, still we had wholesome exercise, such as sawing or chopping wood, shelling corn, picking up stones in fields into heaps, to be carted away, milking cows,

feeding cattle, etc., etc. Oh yes! We had plenty of like pastimes! Our recreations were often of an educational character, such as spelling and reading schools, at which times the teacher would be present giving encouragement by his assistance.

(Dr. B. here alluded to the winter customs of representatives of the twelve schools in Lancaster meeting together, when the teachers would criticise their reading and spelling, the best educated people of Lancaster attending and enjoying the exercises—one of whom was Hon. James G. Carter.)

In one respect the teacher of that day had an advantage over the one of present times. I refer to the custom of "boarding around," when the master would visit the different families in town, remaining from one to several days as the case might be; thus affording an opportunity of better acquaintance.

Our church privileges were scanty, but we were taught to observe the Sabbath. We were required to attend church and most of us boys and girls went on foot. I call to mind two girls of fourteen and sixteen years of age, who for eight or nine months of the year missed only two or three Sundays, walking the entire distance, both ways, making a trip of six miles for one and eight for the other.

We had but one pastor and one meeting-house. Our pastor, Rev. Dr. Thayer, the grandfather of the present Thayers of Lancaster. Our meeting house is still in existence, the brick Unitarian church of the same town.

In that year, 1824, we were honored with a visit from Gen. Lafayette, who came from Boston to Bolton, spending the night as the guest of Sampson Wilder. On the following day he was received by Lancaster, with due honor. An arch of evergreen bearing the inscription "Welcome Lafayette" was thrown from the church, across the street. No doubt this arch is still in existence in the loft of the brick church. From Lancaster, this distinguished man proceeded to Worcester, Springfield, Albany and on to Washington, where he received the full honors of a grateful nation.

In conclusion I might speak of one occurrence of my boyhood days, when I received my first instruction in business transactions, when my eyes were first opened to the intricacies of mercantile doings, (relating a story of the purchase, for $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents, of a "Barlow knife," at the first store in Clinton—situated near the site of the present Wall Trunk Co.'s works, which the seller "warranted," but which doubled up on first use; the seller was remembered by the victimized youth of his promise to "take it back," if not as good as represented, which he literally did—laying it back on the shelf with his other wares, but declining to return the "fo-pence ha'penny, having been discreet enough to refrain from an agreement to that effect.)

In reply to questions, Dr. Burdett explained how, by "stints," he earned his cash; he also described the decorous manner of those early days when the boys and girls saluted their pastor, or the "committee" as they entered school, giving also some reminiscences of "master" Silas Thurston.

HIGH STREET IN 1853

WELLINGTON E. PARKHURST—MARCH 11, 1895

I give you tonight a few reminiscences of Clinton, as it was when I first made it my home, 42 years ago—“Personal Recollections of High Street.” At that date (1853), which is the point of observation at which I gather my facts, Clinton was only three years of age, but old enough to go alone without the slightest difficulty. It had a population of 2778 at the date of its incorporation in 1850, or nearly 3000 at the time of which I speak. It was then a mere village with the tract which we now call our “common” or “park” a rough newly ploughed field, with a few sparsely settled narrow streets on a hillside which had a brook at its base and a forest at its summit.

The pastors and choristers of the several churches were then as follows: Congregational—Rev. W. D. Hitchcock; Eben W. Howe, chorister; Baptist—Rev. C. M. Bowers; David Wallace, chorister; Methodist—Rev. T. Willard Lewis; George E. Harrington, chorister, a new church edifice completed the previous year; Unitarian—Rev. L. J. Livermore; James A. Weeks, chorister, their edifice completed that year; Catholic—Rev. John Boyce; a little church on South Main street; Universalist—Rev. Proctor; preaching in Clinton hall.

Agents and paymasters of the several mills: Lancaster Mills—Franklin Forbes, with C. L. Swan; Carpet—Horatio N. Bigelow, with Albert S. Carleton and Henry M. Simpson; Clinton Company—H. N. Bigelow, with Artemas E. Bigelow; Counterpane—Charles W. Worcester, with Augustus J. Sawyer. Smaller concerns: Sidney Harris, combs; Lowe & Gibbs, combs; Joseph B. Parker, machinery; G. M. Palmer, foundry; Levi Greene & George W. Dinsmore, steam mill, near depot; Luther Gaylord, forks, at Fuller’s mill.

School teachers: Third, Charles W. Walker; Second, Perley B. Davis, Levi S. Burbank, L. J. Livermore; Primary, Sarah C. Miner, Emma L. Reeves, Urania E. Ingalls, Mary Frank McCollom, Lucy M. Holman.

The year 1853 was distinguished by two events: June 15th, Lancaster Bi-Centennial, and October 19th, Cornwallis celebration.

HIGH STREET

We commence our survey on Union street—then a narrow road with wide, unfinished, unfurnished, uncurbed sidewalks, and an abundance of shade trees on either side, giving the street, as one looks towards the north, the appearance of a shady country road.

On the right corner, where Greeley's block now stands, was a small two-story wooden building, without claims to architectural beauty, which Lory F. Bancroft had moved up from a site near the corner of Water and Main streets. On the lower floor, reached by a flight, not of "winding steps," but a long, high flight and by a passage under a piazza, was a grocery store kept by a then young man, Josiah Alexander, an emigrant from Northfield; he was a genuine country grocer who well understood all the ins and outs of the butter-and-egg market, and knew the latest quotations on sugar, Porto Rico molasses and "C. C." dining ware; his heavy avoidupois combined with his height at once reminded me of a school-boy recitation, "How big was Alexander, Pa?"—only the remark was exclamatory rather than interrogatory; we later learned that the Northfielder had a big heart as well as a large physical frame; he lived with his family in the ell on north of house; his clerks were: Samuel I. Mills, a shrewd genial character, and George W. Moore, of Rockbottom, a young man in whom I, a stranger, took great interest for the weighty reason that he had previously attended school two weeks, somewhere in another county, with a cousin of mine; Moore was a person of some literary pretensions; not long afterward there was a new arrival, also from Northfield, of a tall, slim young man, Lucius Field, who here commenced business, as did one Josiah Bacon who afterwards went West; the worthy proprietor still survives at his home in Malden. On the second floor, Solomon A. Lenfest and his sister resided, and not far from this date, Frank E. Carr, of Westminster, who narrowly escaped being a statesman, somewhat youthful then, began work as a "tonsorial artist" in the front upper room. The old building was subsequently moved around upon Union street as a part of William H. Nugent's store-block, in rear of Greeley's brick block.

The next block we find is a one-story building—the first erected on the *east* side of high street; here Charles W. Field, of Walpole, N. H., carried on business, first as a tailor and then as a clothier, for many years and to present date as a dealer in ready made clothing, in company with his son, Charles W. Field, jr; Mr. Field occupied the south store in the store-block and lived in the rear ell; he still remains among us almost "as good as new." The north part of the building was leased to Ballard & Messenger—later Ballard & Bynner—who published the "Lancaster Courant;" the title of the sheet lost the name "Lancaster," and took the popular name of "Clinton" at the time when Lancaster lost Clintonville. The printing was done in a rear room while the front was given up to the sale of books, stationery, etc.—and here the writer enjoyed his first taste of the great responsibilities of a mercantile life while, as an evening clerk,

he sold letter paper, sweetly perfumed, and with fanciful envelopes to match, to the mill girls, some of whom still reside in town as elderly matrons, who do not now buy stationery by the five cents' worth—some of whose husbands are here tonight. There was then a restaurant in the basement of block, kept by Mr. Carter.

The upper story of this ell was mainly a hall devoted to the use of the “Sons of Temperance” at the head of which was that brave reformer, Sidney Harris; here weekly meetings were held to discuss the chances of the cause, also the crisis which ever imminent moves along with the years as the shadows scurry across the valleys.

Now we reach the neat little cottage, built by Thomas Sawyer and occupied for many subsequent years by his daughter, Miss Mary C. Sawyer, now of Somerville; this was previous to the widening of the sidewalk, and before cemented walks had been thought of as a town and society necessity; an ample front yard gave the cottage a set-back appearance affording abundant space for the development by the owner of the science of floriculture; and here existed a quiet, happy home for many years and until municipal improvement, shearing away most of the front grounds, inclined Miss Sawyer to remove from town; the building yet remains, as a busy laundry. In our journey down the street we come in view of the spacious grounds of the Kendall estate—an apple orchard whose shady resorts were the envy of all summer passers on the street walk, as they gazed over a picket fence to the terrace upon the shady plateau.

The mansion was one of the ornaments of the street: it was entered through a central lattice portico at the head of a flight of steps. In the south half of the house lived Albert A. Jerauld, a tailor and clothier “of credit and renown” who, with his amiable wife, was the life of the social circles; of his three sons, one remains with us to this day and follows his father’s calling; previous to our date of forty-two years ago, Charles G. Stevens, a newly married lawyer from New Hampshire, had reasonably concluded that this little Massachusetts village was a promising field for the practice of his profession, and occupied this tenement before building his new house a long way up the hill, on corner of Church and Chestnut streets, then in the outer-most bounds of settlement, where he has since resided; later, Benjamin Randall Smith lived here, also the venerable Dr. Pierson T. Kendall; Dr. Kendall had long practiced in Sterling, and in a wide region of country: with his matronly wife and accomplished daughter, Hattie, a family was here established from whose tent the curtain never outward swung. Henry C. Greeley and George B. Wooster were later tenants.

In the north half of the house resided Geo. H. Kendall, who with his wife is kindly remembered by many Clinton people: the latter survives her husband and lives in Worcester with a son; their Clinton home was a rendezvous for the cultivated young people of those long-ago years, who were always accorded a right royal welcome. The old mansion, retaining much of its early appearance, but lacking the roomy and shady surroundings, now exists in the rear of its former site, being known as the “Union House.”

Continuing our walk of inspection, we come to the "Kendall store" block — a mercantile arcade of the early years of our town; it was a two-story building, with wings of generous extent on either side; a piazza ran the entire length of the front, and the grounds between the block and the street were ample: in those days the town fathers saw no incompatibility in a close association of business and shade-trees.

In the south wing the traffic was in groceries, by Carter & Harlow, who had a procession of successors in (William N.) Peirce & Howell, the Brothers Churchill, Thomas A. McQuaid and Daniel A. White.

The center store was the most roomy of any in town; this was occupied by George H. Kendall as a dry goods store, where, with an inherited politeness and suavity of manner, he retailed dress and dry goods suitable to the wants of the ladies of Clinton and surrounding towns, and in accordance with the then prevailing styles.

The last train from Boston, via Groton Junction, brought to town some twenty evening papers, which Mr. Kendall carefully numbered for his subscribers and arranged on his north counter; the assortment was mostly limited to the "Journal;" it is said that Mr. Kendall was a sharp Yankee trader as well as a "boss" politician, and there is little doubt that his tact was displayed to excellent advantage in both lines of enterprise. It is stated that just previous to the March election or the annual town meeting the local politicians would sometimes run in, and in the rear part of his store discuss the situation and provide measures for saving the country; here the ancient custom of pre-arranging for the caucus and election was even then in vogue, and we assume that Mr. Kendall was never a mute spectator.

In his store Mr. Kendall had two efficient clerks — his brother-in-law, James W. Caldwell of Barre — and "Joe" Lathrop, an attractive left-hand supporter, a black-eyed favorite, a miscellaneous beau who, on leaving town, went to Detroit, where for many years he has been a prosperous dentist.

The north wing of the block was devoted to the uses of the post-office; Horatio N. Bigelow was the first postmaster of the village, having been appointed six or seven years previous to the date of which we write by President Fillmore; but the active man in the office was John F. Caldwell, a brother of James, a sandy-haired youth whose easy manners well adapted him to the duties of this position — for the community will not tolerate a dyspeptic bear inside this official rail; if John was temporarily absent from his place, in the adjoining store, a pull of the knob beside the delivery door would speedily recall him for service.

There were then only eight mails, one each way from and to Boston and Worcester, morning and evening. It was while waiting for the morning mails — for the counting room of the Carpet company — that the writer had his first impressions of prominent citizens — Dr. C. M. Bowers, Dr. Preston Chamberlain and David Chace, etc., all frequently seen among the "morning waiters" in the post-office vestibule.

On the second floor of the block the Bigelow Mechanics' institute

occupied three rooms. This society was so named in honor of Erastus B. Bigelow, who had donated the organization an air pump and \$200 in cash. The main objects of the institute were the furnishing of lectures, library and reading room; the lectures were provided; a small library was established, Charles G. Stevens, librarian, which was at length moved to A. P. Burdett's building, and on the year of which we are writing to the new "Library Building" on Union street; and a reading room was also opened in one of the three rooms, which was furnished with the daily papers of that era, as the Boston Atlas, Post, Courier, and Commonwealth, also the New York Tribune.

On the same floor Attorney Charles G. Stevens had his office, and with him was a young man, Isaac Baldwin, whose two leading characteristics, as we remember him, were black eyes and a love of music; Mr. Baldwin soon after went west, to Clinton, Iowa, of which city he became the mayor and an elder in Iowan society. Dr. Horne, a dentist, also had an office on this floor; he drew teeth with great acceptance, but from the lack of business he also drew an inference that he had better look elsewhere for a livelihood, and to the regret of many he left town and went to Watertown, where he died; there was a tenement in the building which was leased by a native wag of lofty stature, Hiram Makepeace, whose Mark Twainish remarks are not forgotten.

This famous block was moved from its site a few years ago to make room for the present Bank Block, being trundled down Church street hill to its present location, still looking very much as it did in its palmy days, save that it lacks its old and cheerful and shady surroundings.

An open corner lot brings us to Church street.

Again we make a start from Union street, now going north on the *west* side of High street.

The corner block was built by A. P. Burdett several years previous to the time of our review; he had been in business with his brother, Jerome S. Burdett, lower down the street, in a large tenement block known as "Concert Hall" building — a block still standing on the old site. Desiring a better and more roomy location, he had gone to the upper corner of the street, building on both High and Union streets.

On the Union street side we find the happy grocer, George E. Harrington, in the store afterwards and for many years occupied by James F. Maynard. Mr. Harrington was a fore-ordained Methodist in his theological views and a leader of his church choir, where for local and very interesting social reasons he had a stormy administration; in politics he was a dyed-in-the-wool democrat of the ante-bellum variety: in this year (1853), with a forlorn hope of success, he accepted the democratic nomination as a candidate for the legislature, netting nothing more substantial out of the venture than a suit of clothes, which he claimed were the best he ever owned, purchased by him in anticipation of an election. The last we ever heard of him he was in a western state, having so far retrograded

in his business as to be running a newspaper. Adjoining Harrington's grocery store was the shoe store of Henry T. Goodale, whose cheerful enthusiastic peculiarities may be remembered by some.

An entrance into the first door on high street, in same block, takes us into the dry goods store of Mr. Burdett's successor, Orlando A. Smith, a native of Wilton, N. H.—familiarly known as "O. A." As a bachelor village merchant, Mr. Smith did full justice to his calling; never have we known a more genial dealer or one who had more thoroughly learned that profitable mercantile trick of taking an absorbing interest in the health or personal welfare of his customer and all his or her immediate and remote relations; in variety of assortment his store resembled an over-crowded museum; from pianos and silks to yarns and buttons nothing was omitted; Mr. Smith was a natural musician and for a time was the leader and organist—playing a small melodeon—of the Baptist choir; but as a seller of dry goods he ably illustrated the secular version of the doctrine known as "the perseverance of the saints."

Mr. Smith's confidential clerk was Horace W. Robinson, a polite Shylock, with a squeaking voice, pitched in the third story of his bronchial tubes, but a genial, happy soul; it was the outside understanding that between Horace and "O. A." a customer stood a very small chance of getting out of the store without making a purchase. Another clerk was B. Frank Warner, whose family lived in a cottage off Water street, afterwards sold to Attorney J. T. Dame and since occupied by him and family. W. Atwood McCurdy also worked here, for many years since living in Maine.

In the adjoining smaller store Miss Ellen Skillinger, of Poland, Me., had a millinery room; the lady afterwards became Mrs. Charles W. Worcester.

Over Mr. Smith's store was the office of a young dentist, Dr. Jeremiah Fiske, who, four years before had come from his native town of Temple, N. H., to pull and to fill Clintonville teeth; associated with him was a student, Amos A. Pevey, afterwards in business here, now deceased; many a trembling specimen of aching humanity, occupying a patient's chair in this office, as we can testify, has taken in the entire Carpet mill business in painful glances, while the doctor deftly applied his double twisting forceps as he plunged to the root of the matter.

On the third and upper floor was the historic "Burditt Hall"; here, in eaeuses, in many a political campaign, candidates were made and un-made, with and without program; the political chieftains of those times were no "back numbers" but comprised a worthy list: Andrew L. Fuller, Dea. J. B. Parker, Joseph C. Smith, Henry Eddy, Philip L. Morgan, Ben. R. Cotton, Eneas Morgan, Artemas E. Bigelow, Josiah H. Vose, Nelson Whitcomb, G. M. Palmer, E. K. Gibbs, A. S. Carleton, etc., etc. Here also, lectures were given of all sorts and kinds, to all varieties of audiences—theological, philosophical, political, anthropological, etc. The hall would hold a fair audience although the exit, in case of fire, was not exactly what would be allowed by the present inspector of public buildings in Massachusetts.

The next block was the drug store of Alfred A. Burditt—the only apothecary in the town, having the previous year moved in from the adjoining millinery rooms. In this store for some forty years, alone or with his two sons, Henry and Oscar, Mr. Burditt carried on a successful business, dispensing pills, powders, plasters, herbs, and advice in his laudable efforts to prop up feeble and tottering humanity; his clerk was William White, afterwards a druggist in Chicago, where he died. Mr. Burditt resided in the tenement over his store until he bought the Kellogg house, his present residence.

The next in order was the shoe store of Dexter S. K. Winter, a son of Dea. Waldo Winter, who succeeded him in business; the former now lives in Nebraska, in feeble health. For a number of years Hawes & Merriam had previously run this store, the only shoe store in the village and then substantially on the “corner;” Mr. Hawes subsequently moved to Leominster, where he still lives; the store, enlarged, is now occupied by Richard Bourne, a brother-in-law of the occupant of 1853.

We now come to a two-story wooden building, the first erected on the *west* side of High street, and occupied by Gilbert Greene, a native of Stoneham, the only “jeweller and watch-maker” in the town; Mr. Greene well understood his trade, coming to this town from Lancaster; he possessed the compound ability of cleaning a watch in good shape and telling a good story at the same time—the story not injuring the quality of the work and the work failing to damage the edge of the story; it was a rare treat to hear him tell of “old times”, as we have often heard him in this old shop, of the years when he was associated with Erastus and Horatio Bigelow as fiddlers and singers in the Lancaster church choir, when Father Packard officiated in the pulpit. Mr. Greene occupied the north window of his shop while the other was taken by the genial Walter W. Peiree, a West Boylston boy, a tenor singer of local renown, who died early and much lamented by many young friends. The proprietor has also passed away but his social traits and many virtues are well remembered by surviving friends.

Mr. Greene lived on the corner, in house now owned by Mrs. S. W. Tyler. The tenement portion of the shop-building was occupied by Mrs. Whitecomb and daughter, Hattie; the main part was taken down a few years ago to make room for a brick block, but the ell still remains in the rear lot.

The next business block was that of George P. Smith, a native of Wilton, N. H., who early came to Clintonville from Nashua; in distinction from his brother, “O. A.”, already mentioned, he was familiarly called “G. P.” He resided in rooms over the store until he built the house on Chestnut street, now occupied by the family of Gilbert Greene. In the early years of the history of this village Mr. Smith kept a full-fledged country variety store, but at the date of which we write (forty-two years since) he had dispensed with the grocery department, thenceforth retailing only dry goods, ready-made clothing, paper-hangings, carpets and crockery. Mr. Smith thoroughly comprehended his business and enjoyed a

large degree of prosperity in the years of "good times", when mill wages were higher than now, money was easy, and the operatives spent their cash with little thought of the morrow. He eventually sold out to his junior partner, Burton S. Walker, and removed to Bricksburg, N. J., where he died a few years ago. He was a valuable citizen much interested in the welfare of the town. The old store is now a tenement house, in the rear—Doggett's brick block occupying the street site.

Mr. Smith's chief clerk and adviser was his brother-in-law, Henry C. Greeley, a rosy-cheek and dark-eyed young man who came down to Massachusetts from Hudson, N. H., to learn the dry goods business; after a few years of partnership he left and opened a successful business for himself in the Kendall block. Another clerk was the quiet and polite William H. Putnam, who for many subsequent years had clerked in leading Boston houses. A third was John Ring, of Liberty, Maine, a young man of superior abilities, of a poetic turn of mind, and the author of a "Book of Rhymes"; unfortunately his star went out prematurely; he went into business in Worcester, and there died.

The adjoining millinery rooms were then occupied by Mrs. Charles D. Davis; her son, James Powers, now an Episcopal clergyman in the West, visited Clinton only last season; her successor was Miss A. S. Merriam; both ladies have deceased.

The upstairs office was occupied by Attorney John T. Dame, a native of Orford, N. H., who had removed from Lancaster to this town where he remained in the practice of law until his decease last July. Afterwards Dr. C. A. Brooks commenced his medical practice in this room, then occupied by Attorney D. H. Bemis—C. C. Stone, Esq., holding court in the rear room.

We have now reached the Clinton House block, in which were four stores: 1—Occupied in 1853 by E. Ballard, bookstore and Clinton Courant office, removing thither from Field's store block; 2—Lorenzo D. Lyon, shoe-dealer, who enjoyed the happy faculty of selling shoes, cobbling and talking polities with equal facility and without detriment to business or the welfare of the country; a quiet, good citizen who died in Attleboro, a few years ago; 3—Daniel Haverty, ready-made clothing; 4—Coburn, the colored barber.

Clinton Hall, above, was the scene of a great variety of entertainments. Our first visit to this hall was on the occasion of a juvenile concert, given by Osgood Collester's class, in the summer of '53. Within its walls, concerts and lectures were given for many a year and the room was made memorable by the never-to-be-forgotten "war meetings" during the civil struggle for the integrity of our nation. The actors of those days have largely passed away, but an allusion to these gatherings will recall, in some minds, the solemnity of the times. For a while, town meetings were held here, but at the date of which we write, they were convened in the vestry of the Congregational church.

The Clinton House, on the corner, was then in charge of Horace Faulkner, with whom was associated his son-in-law, Jerome S. Burditt,

by whom the house gained a high reputation. Mr. Faulkner had moved in, previously to this time, from the old Tavern House on Main street, afterwards the Counterpane mill boarding house; the hotel had been built a few years before (1847) by Contractor Oliver Stone, aided by several young carpenters, as Christopher C. Stone, Elisha Brimhall of Oakham, A. M. Kelly of Brookfield, Henry Pierce of West Boylston, etc. The Clinton hall addition was erected, in 1851, by Contractor Jonas E. Howe, for Mr. Faulkner.

Having completed the review of the section of High street, between Union and Church, we now resume our walk down High street, on the *east* side, commencing at Church.

The first estate is that of Gilbert Greene, an attractive feature of which was the spacious garden in the corner lot; for many years this was a "home" for the family, and until Mr. Greene, buying G. P. Smith's estate on Chestnut street, sold this place to Samuel W. Tyler, who, retaining the house for his residence, covered the corner lot with "Tyler's block;" Mr. Tyler occupied until his decease, and his family since, the house remaining today near its original site and without essential change.

The adjoining lot was that of Alfred Knight, a highly esteemed citizen, a long time town treasurer, who with his wife and "Fred" lived here many years—now all gone. The property coming into the possession of William N. Peirce, he moved the house back upon the hill, erecting the "Peirce block" on the front lot. The old house remains, with slight changes.

Next, is the new Methodist Episcopal church edifice, the pride of the society. It had been completed the previous year under the pastorate of Rev. T. Willard Lewis, a brother of the late Rev. Joseph W. Lewis, also of Mrs. J. H. Rowell; Rev. Lewis, after service in connection with the army in the civil war, settled in Charleston, S. C., where he died. Among the prominent members of the church in those early days, we remember James F. Maynard, George H. Foster, George E. Harrington, J. Willard Frost, Linus Fitts, "Father" Ephraim Hunt, Charles Ryder, etc. Hard by was the "Peirce block", now the "American house", then a tenement house; in the basement there was a grocery store kept by B. F. & J. F. Howell—the son, John F., now residing in Worcester and serving as City Auditor.

Then the "Howell House", looking just as it does today, occupied by Barnabas F. Howell and wife, a worthy and well-remembered couple.

There were no more houses till we reached that owned by Simeon Bowman, built by N. A. Boynton, in 1847, and now owned by his son, Charles Bowman. A little way below was the Sidney Howard cottage, built by Levi Greene, since remodeled, moved back, and now owned by Mrs. Marilla Sawyer, of Worcester.

An old house now stands on the corner of High and Water, which at that time was located on Main street and occupied by Eben W. Howe; it was subsequently owned by A. C. Dakin, and moved across the river to its present site on High street, when the building of the Agricultural Branch railroad ruined its first site—now occupied by Mrs. John Wright.

Returning now to Church street we will take a hasty run down on the *west* side of the street; In the corner we find an open lot; a large elm now stands on this corner, which, when a sapling, one dark night, forty years ago, we entangled between the wheel and shaft of our carriage.

Prominent on the western side of this street were two large, white houses owned by "Uncle" John Burditt; the first was subsequently bought by T. D. Dexter and moved to East street where he still occupies it; the second had on its second floor a "Concert Hall" where religious services were held, also lectures, one, as we remember, on "Mnemonics", or the science of memory illustrated by the writer, who officiated as a "wonderful dummy" before the audience, remembering and reciting figures by the hundreds, by a key which he promised never to reveal.

The next building was the cottage house of William Goodale, a native of Marlboro, a subsequent resident of Bolton, and many years employed in the "Quilt Mill"; he has deceased, but his widow and two daughters still reside in town; Otis Fletcher, of Lancaster, to whom he sold, and who occupied many years, has also died; the present owners are P. A. & P. F. Cannon.

Crossing a narrow way which led down into "Pond Court", where the brothers, Abraham and Isaac Gibson lived, we come to the double house occupied by Dea. William H. Gibson who earned his living in the little cobbler's shop, and his brother-in-law, Asa Laythe. Mr. Gibson died from the effects of injuries received at the terrible accident at the "Four Ponds" railroad crossing, when his wife and daughter, Charlotte Buss, were killed in 1866; Mr. Laythe and wife are also gone - one son residing in Sterling, and another in business in this town.

Near by was the furniture store of Benjamin Ring; Mr. Ring had been a Baptist minister in Maine and moved to Massachusetts, going into business which he carried on in a small way, his family living in the ell of the building; all have died but one daughter; the block is now occupied by Grocer Dartt.

Leaving the long "Kendall tenement block" at the left, down near Counterpane pond, we pass down the street finding no more houses, where is now a succession of business blocks, till we reach the corner of Water street, where the "Hoadley house" then stood, and stands today, now one of the oldest houses in town. It was occupied forty-two years ago by Mrs. Pease, a sister of Civil Engineer John C. Hoadley; the family subsequently moved to Worcester, where the mother and one son died. The daughter, Mary, was for many years a successful teacher in Worcester schools.

This brings us to the end of "High street, meeting the yard of Camden Maynard's place, whose house stood nearly opposite, and whose farm occupied the plain now crossed by "North High" street, and several parallel streets, and affording homes to a large population: "High" street, which at that time extended only from Union to Water street, now stretches from Union to the Lancaster line.

FIRST SEVEN YEARS IN CLINTON

JOSHUA THISSELL—JUNE 10, 1895

In the spring of 1847 a young man left his home in the city of Lowell for the village of Clintonville, coming all the way in a stage coach, a tedious ride, and taking the larger part of a day. The route from Lowell to Lancaster was owned and operated by Mr. Maynard, a stable-keeper of the city of Lowell; the route from Lancaster to Worcester was owned and operated by Mr. Stiles; sometimes they went through the towns of Harvard and Littleton, and at others through Shirley Village, Groton, etc.

Arriving in town, I was first introduced to H. N. Bigelow, who at that time was acting agent of the Lancaster Mills, Coachlace and Counterpane mills, the three principal manufacturing concerns in the place.

The next person was John C. Hoadley, a civil engineer. I had come to secure a situation, and was engaged as an assistant for him during the summer and fall seasons. I wish to say a few words in regard to him; those of you present who were acquainted with him will bear me out in the truthfulness of my statements; he came from the state of New York in 1845, and remained in Clinton as their engineer until late in the fall of 1848; he was an accomplished gentleman, a fine scholar, an excellent draftsman, a good engineer; polite, affable and agreeable, he had many friends; I never saw him show the least temper under the most provoking circumstances.

Previous to Mr. Hoadley's coming to Clinton, the engineering had been done by Uriah Boyden, a noted hydraulic engineer of Boston, who afterwards became famous for his improvements in turbine water wheels; he was an eccentric individual and many stories are related of his oddity and eccentricity.

The land surveying was mostly done in Clinton by James G. Carter of Lancaster. The Stony Brook and the Worcester & Nashua Railroads were at that time in process of building; at the opening of the Stony Brook, and the Worcester & Nashua Railroad from Ayer Junction to Clinton, in the summer of 1848, I came with the party of directors and engineers and took dinner at the Clinton House, then but just opened and kept by Faulkner & Burditt. I was then engaged by H. N. Bigelow as the successor to Mr. Hoadley. I had not contemplated any such thing, when coming, as I had a very good situation as a railroad engineer under Geo. C. Stark.

My first few months' experience in Clintonville, of lonesomeness and homesickness, was not very conducive to my making a home here, but after nearly forty-eight years of trial, I have come to the conclusion that it is a pretty good place after all, and hard to beat if one requires a good, quiet, orderly, pleasant and beautiful place for home-life; every year adds to its attractions.

Clintonville, in 1847, was a very busy place. There was then in process of erection, first the Clinton House; the only hotel previous to this was the third building on Main street, north of the residence of Mrs. J. B. Parker, now owned by E. S. Fuller; the quarters were small and it was almost crowded to suffocation by boarders. I became homesick, the first and only time in my life, and would have taken French leave if circumstances had not prevented—together with a feeling that it would not be treating Mr. Hoadley in a gentlemanly manner. I stated my case to him and he immediately took me to his own home; in such pleasant home surroundings I soon got over those feelings of loneliness and homesickness.

H. N. Bigelow was also then building his fine residence off Chestnut street, now owned by Rev. R. J. Patterson. Mr. Bigelow at that time was living on High street, in the house now owned by Mrs. S. W. Tyler.

A large amount of work was also being done by Wm. T. Merrifield, under contract with the Lancaster Mills. I recollect staking out the cellars for nearly all the wooden dwelling houses on Green street, the dye house and also a large addition to the mill.

The weaving room was already built and the looms in full operation: this room on account of its size was frequently mentioned, and the cucumber windows on the roof were an object of much curiosity. The power that drove the mill at that time consisted of three very large breast wheels built by Mr. Dummer of Lowell. I shall not attempt to give a sketch of the several additions and the various improvements made by the gentlemanly managers of this large manufacturing concern. This alone would furnish a topic for a whole evening's entertainment, and I hope it may be done by some one ere long.

The counting-room, machine shop, old yellow mill, and the one-story brick weaving shed, small wood dye-house, together with a few small wooden buildings, was all that constituted the Clinton, or Coachlace company, as it was more frequently called. The counting room is now a dwelling house on Clark street. The old yellow mill remains still in the yard of the Bigelow Carpet Co.'s worsted mill; it was moved westerly, the bell and bell tower removed, and the steep gable roof taken off and a flat one substituted. The bell went down-stream, I think, with Fuller's mill in the great washout of 1876.

The brick weaving shed retains nearly its former proportions. This building at that time contained a large number of looms for weaving coachlace, E. B. Bigelow's first invention: this was a small, neat and wonderful life-like machine. Coachlace having gone out of style, the looms soon afterwards were sold—I think to a Philadelphia company.

The machine shop, now No. 1 Worsted Mill, ran southerly and nearly parallel with Main street; it retains nearly its former proportions. It was then under the management of Dea. J. B. Parker, employing a number of hands who were kept quite busy with Mr. Bigelow's several inventions. The dam had been constructed, and also a canal with a gatehouse at each end; there was an open canal which carried water to a wheel which drove the shop; it then passed along to a large breast wheel in the basement of the old yellow mill; this was soon done away by the putting in of a new iron wheel somewhat in the form of a letter S with an aperture at each end. This was placed in a pit in the basement of the cloth room of the mill; water was conveyed to the same by means of a large iron pipe from the New Canal, as it was then called. Below the dam there was a small pond dam, foundation of a mill—penstock—and some portions of wheels and pulleys. The dam and pond remained as late as the year 1857, and is shown on a map of Clinton which I made at that time. Who owned the mill and what was done there I have never been able to learn definitely.

Just above this point there was a large pile of iron slags, and I was told that there was once some iron mining done about and near there; that there is iron in the bowels of the earth in this vicinity no one can reasonably doubt from the nature of the water at this point, and also below the dam at Mossy Pond.

C. W. Blanchard became agent of the Clinton Co. in 1848 or '49, and the manufacture of woolen goods was commenced, but for some reason or other it did not prove profitable and in course of time the property passed, by purchase, into the hands of the Bigelow Carpet Co.

The Counterpane pond in 1847 was as perfect a little gem of a pond as one would wish to see; its waters were clean and pure, fish lived and sported therein. The impurities of the mills and the filth of the streets were turned gradually therein until in time the whole pond became so filthy and impure that we were glad when the waters were drawn off, the basin filled with earth and the whole thing blotted out of sight.

“Counterpane Mill,” as it is generally known, in its exterior looks and remains as it was fifty years ago; in its management it has passed through as many vicissitudes and changes as a widow with seven husbands. We believe that had it been properly and skillfully managed, at this time it would have become one of the largest manufacturing concerns in the town.

Lancaster Quilt Company was at one time noted for the excellent quality and the honest manufacture of their goods, but the desire of the owners to make a little more than a fair profit, led not only to a reduction in weight, but the employment of the poorest material. Dishonesty enough to sink any craft. We are pleased to note the hum of industry within its walls again and wish for its owners continued prosperity and success. Some of our most prosperous men and matrons can remember when they earned an honest penny by working for the Lancaster Quilt Company.

Mechanic street at that time (1847) led from a point on Union street, at its intersection with School street, through what is now the front por-

tion of the Bigelow Carpet Co.'s weaving mill, and terminating at the southerly end. On Chestnut street, near a large boarding house, stood a brick building, the easterly portion of which was two stories in height, operated by Messrs. Jonas E. Howe and Samuel Belyea as a planing mill and shop for the manufacture of boxes. The westerly half, which was one story in height, was occupied by Gilman M. Palmer as a foundry. Standing near was Mark Lund's blacksmith shop; a little westerly on Union street, was the "plastered house," the only building in that vicinity which has not been changed or demolished. Jotham D. Otterson owned and lived in a cottage house, now the Putnam house; a little beyond, on Chestnut street, was the "Big Boarding House," as it was called, built and intended for married people without families, and so used for a while.

The Bigelow Carpet Co. came into possession of the brick building before-named in the year 1848, and immediately began operations on a very small scale at first; I recollect distinctly watching the motions of the first loom set up. A small wooden building in the rear of the brick buildings contained the two or three dye-tubs. No one at that time, however bold, would have dared to prophesy that "Slab Meadow" would be covered with such a number of large, magnificent brick buildings, or that from so small a beginning would have arisen one of our largest manufacturing concerns. At one time it was contemplated removing the plant to Holyoke, and land and power were secured for that purpose. We are indebted to H. N. Bigelow, through whose persistent efforts it was kept in town.

There were several small manufacturing interests in town; Sidney Harris had a saw and grist mill on the westerly side of the river, together with a comb factory on the easterly side, in which was done a considerable amount of business; McCollom & Lowe owned and operated several comb shops in McCollomville. The great washout in '76 not only carried off all the buildings, but destroyed every vestige of the four little ponds, leaving the ledge bare and an interesting spot where lovers of geology could investigate and speculate.

There was also a woolen factory, owned and operated by Mr. Fuller, on the site of the Messrs. Rodgers' mill; also a fork factory, owned and carried on by Luther Gaylord on the spot of W. A. Fuller's present planing mill; the foregoing constituted nearly or quite all the manufacturing concerns in the place.

Perhaps no part of the town has undergone a greater change than the territory in the vicinity of the railroad station; in 1848 there was a very small passenger station, a freight-house, wood-house, engine-house and turn-table. The square on the north side of Chapel street, now owned by W. E. Fyfe, was covered by a hill twelve or fifteen feet above the level of the streets on either side; near the center, on the front, stood the "Chapel," so called, first used by the Congregationalists, afterwards by the Baptist society — as a place of worship. Then again the town used and occupied it for the High school; afterwards it was purchased by Chas. W. Worcester, moved to the opposite side of Chapel street, raised one

story, and converted into two tenements. When the Old Colony railroad was built it was again sold and moved to Sterling street, where it now remains. The hill was covered with a growth of large trees, making a cool and shady place in the summer season.

At the corner of Main and Water streets, near where stands the wheelwright shop now occupied by Henry F. Keyes, was a round knoll or hill elevated some twenty or thirty feet above its surroundings; it was very uniform in shape and was known and designated as "Graee Hill." It was reached by a flight of steps on the northerly side, and on its top was a flag-staff which floated the stars and stripes on national holidays and other important occasions; this hill was partially covered with trees and in hot weather furnished a cool retreat for the residents in that vicinity. When the Worcester & Nashua railroad was built the deep cut left a very large hill between there and Main street, extending even into the street, the larger portion of which would probably have remained to this day had not the Old Colony come along with its steam shovel and gravel train to help out on the fill at the High Bridge.

For fear of wearying you I will bring this sketch to an abrupt close, merely saying that in 1848 there were but two houses on Walnut street—between Church and Water streets—and none on Chestnut street—between Union and Water streets; as late as 1857 there was not a street or house easterly of Chestnut street, excepting those bordering on Water street. Northerly of Water street no streets had been laid out, and there was not a house on the "Plain," now so thickly settled. Pleasant, Franklin, Beacon and Summit streets on Burditt Hill had been laid out, but not over a dozen houses had been built where now it is so thickly dotted with pleasant dwellings.

We have said but little about the noble men now sleeping in yonder cemetery, who in former days with wonderful sagacity labored and planned to make Clinton what it now is: one of the cleanest and most beautiful towns in the state. When I look on our beautiful parks or walk our finely shaded streets in some hot and sultry day, I involuntarily exclaim, "These men did not live for *self*," and am led not only to cherish their memories, but to bless their very existence.

Now, friends, I do not believe that Clinton has arrived at the very pinnacle of its prosperity; I do not believe that we are to be drowned out or burned up just yet. The big dam with the mighty reservoir back of it may make the timid ones a little "scarey" at first, but skillful and scientific engineering will attend to the first and our brave firemen will look out for the last.

I believe that Clinton has a bright future in store, and when the next half-century has rolled away, and parts of the surrounding towns have been annexed, there will be not only a Greater Boston, but a "Greater Clinton."

CLINTONVILLE IN 1846

DR. GEORGE M. MORSE—JUNE 10, 1895

W. E. Parkhurst, in his reminiscences of Clinton, gave an account of Clinton as he found it when he came to town. I came to town several years earlier, and I propose tonight, in a very rambling way, to give my recollections of Clinton, or rather "Clintonville" as it was then called, as it appeared in 1846.

I came to town on one of the first days of March, 1846. I came in a sleigh, in the midst of a snow storm, in the evening of a cold, dreary March day, inquiring my way over Ballard Hill of the people living on the route, many of whom never heard of Clintonville, but knew that a large cotton factory was being built in the southerly part of Lancaster.

I put up at the hotel, now a boarding house, kept by Mrs. Reynolds, and the first person I met was Horace Faulkner, whom I had known in Drewsville, N. H.

The next person I saw was "Old Galley," as he sat by the store window mending his mittens. Richard Galley was always called "Old Galley," and he had been known by that cognomen years before in Boston, where he had followed his trade as a sawyer of wood, which vocation he followed, as many here present will remember, till age and infirmity compelled him to seek the poor-house for shelter. He usually worked under a little tent which he pitched over his wood-pile, to keep off the sun and the wind and the rain.

Coming from Lancaster, the first house was an old yellow farm-house occupied by George W. Howard, Jr., on the site where E. A. Currier built the house he now lives in. An old yellow stable stood opposite, about where Allen street commences.

The next house, that of Laban Bennett, now occupied by his son. It was at that time a one-story house, another story having been added since. Where Mr. Rodgers' mill now stands were some old factory buildings, I think owned by Ephraim Fuller or George Howard, and used by Andrew L. Fuller in the manufacture of satinets. South of Laban Bennett's there were two houses, still standing, then occupied by Henry, Anson and John Lowe; there were also two small cottages south of these, painted red, in one of which the poetess, Hannah F. Gould, is said to

have been born ; opposite these houses was the house of Henry Lewis ; next south was the house of Jonas B. White. This house was formerly a country store and was the place where Dr. Burdett bought his first and ever memorable jack-knife. Enoch K. Gibbs lived where he now lives. This section of the town was called by the euphonious name of "Scrabble Hollow ;" afterwards McCollomville ; and the inhabitants were principally comb-makers, working for Haskell McCollom, he occupying several small shops, which were carried off by the great "wash-out" of 1876.

After crossing the brook the next house was that of Ezra Sawyer, "Squire Sawyer," as he was always called ; he was a mason and did most of the mason-work in the building of Lancaster Mills and the enlargement of the Counterpane mill. The next house was that of Davis Brigham, and the next was the hotel before mentioned. William T. Merrifield lived in the brick house, now Mrs. Deacon Parker's. Opposite the old tavern were two small cottages occupied by some Irish families, and to the south of these was the Poignand house, then occupied by Caleb and Thomas Sawyer.

On Sterling street was the house of Joseph Rice, now Tarrant F. Sibley's ; where the poor-farm now stands was a little house owned by a man named Thompson, who afterward sold his place to the town for a poor-farm. On the Rigby road lived Eben Pratt ; these were the only houses west of Main street.

On the corner of Main and Sterling streets stood the Chapel, then used as a house of worship by the Congregational church, Rev. J. M. R. Eaton, pastor, Caleb Sawyer, chorister. The musical instruments were a bass viol and two violins ; H. N. Bigelow and Ebenezer W. Howe played the violins, and John Lowe the bass viol. Opposite the Chapel was "Liberty Hill," then covered by a grove of yellow pines ; the hill now cut down and carted off, the land being owned by the Swifts.

The next house south of Liberty Hill was owned by Oliver Green, who sold it to Ebenezer W. Howe, and he to A. C. Dakin. This house was moved to the corner of High and Water streets. The next house was that of Sampson Worcester, then occupied by John B. Pratt, and after him I lived there two years, till I built my present home on the corner of Walnut and Church streets. Opposite was a small house occupied by Scott Freeman ; this house was moved by Joseph E. Miner to its present location and is now occupied by him. Scott Freeman was my first patient ; he had pleuro-pneumonia.

The next buildings going south were two small school-houses, one of wood and the other of brick, standing about where Parsons' blacksmith shop now stands ; south of these were several boarding and tenement houses owned by the Clinton company who were manufacturing coachlace in the old yellow mill now moved back and used as a storehouse by the Carpet company.

Near this factory was a large machine shop owned by the Clinton Co., now a spinning mill of the Carpet Co., of which Deacon Jos. B. Parker was superintendent and where all the machinery for the new mills was

built, employing a large number of skilled machinists. In the attic of this machine shop E. B. Bigelow's carpet loom was afterwards perfected, and here William Eaton, Stillman Houghton and John J. Boynton worked for years under lock and key, until this loom was made to do good work, no one being allowed to enter its sacred precincts.

South of Union street were several tenement houses belonging to the Clinton company. Beyond these was a large two-story house owned by Deacon Parker, since burned. Beyond this was the house of Nathaniel Rice, a carpenter, of whom it was said that he could build a first-class house with only two tools, a broadaxe and an auger.

The next was Abel Rice, a one-armed man, a noted mover of buildings; then the double house of Levi Houghton and Nathan Burditt: the last house on that side of the street was that of Samuel Dorrison.

South of the Dorrison house was the James Stone house; opposite, the houses of Peter and Elias Sawyer. These, as I remember, were the only houses on Main street between the Lancaster line and Boylston, where there are now over four hundred houses. The Deacon John Burditt house stood a little off Main street, near Pleasant street.

On Water street was the Counterpane mill, with two small boarding houses; going east was the house of Camden Maynard, now owned by Luis Burk; next a small house moved to Burditt Hill by Lawrence Murphy, and a paint shop about where Solon W. Johnson now lives. The Hoadley house was on the corner of Main and Water streets, opposite the Maynard house. Farther east were two houses owned by the Widow Harris, then the brick house owned by Alanson Chace; Childs, Wellington & Harris did most of the stone-work for the mills, having a ledge on Burditt Hill beyond the reservoir.

The house now owned by John Sanderson was then the home of Edmund Harris, and on the brow of the hill was the house of Levi Harris. This hill was the original Harris Hill, extending from Water to Mechanic streets, and properly should be called so now, it being the hill where the first Harrises located, thus distinguishing it from Burditt Hill.

The next building going east was the saw-mill and grist-mill on the Nashua river, owned by Sidney Harris, who lived on the top of the next hill, where Mrs. Edwin A. Harris now resides. He also had a comb shop on the east side of the river, opposite the saw-mill. On the Bolton road lived Mrs. Lucy Sawyer, a noted nurse; on the back road leading from Mrs. Harris', lived Eli Sawyer, Gardner Pollard, Phinehas Brooks Howe, Alanson Chace and Merrick Sargent.

There was a red school-house standing in what was afterwards called "Wrigley's yard." This red school-house once stood on Wilson Hill, above Caleb Carruth's house. The Caleb Carruth house is still standing. Many of you will doubtless remember Caleb Carruth and his famous "Garden Royal" apples, which apple I believe originated on his farm.

On the Clamshell pond road lived Joseph Fuller, and near the pond was another house. I have forgotten the name of the man who lived there. On the farther side of the pond was the house of Ebenezer Wilder.

On his farm he had found quite a collection of Indian reliques, stone mortars and pestles, arrowheads, etc., now unfortunately scattered and lost. Here also was the famous "rocking stone" of several tons weight, which some vandals have removed from its base, and it rocks no more. I have rocked this immense boulder with one hand. The Lorenzo Wood house is now standing.

On Church street there were only two buildings, a restaurant afterwards moved to California, and N. A. Boynton's tinshop, now enlarged and owned by Charles Bowman. On Mechanic street there was one house, owned by Horace Jewett, the house lately owned by Rev. Fr. Patterson.

On High street, now the business part of the town, there were a few scattering houses. Commencement at the northerly part of the street was the Hoadley house, which now stands back of Parker & Woodruff's block; a house owned by Levi Greene, now occupied by Dr. F. T. Harvey and L. B. Walker; house owned by William Goodale, now called the Otis Fletcher place, and the Alfred Knight house, now moved back of the Peirce block; the Tyler house, then used as a parsonage, built by H. N. Bigelow and occupied by Rev. J. M. R. Eaton. Mr. Bigelow sold this house to Ezra Sawyer, he to Gilbert Greene, and he to Samuel W. Tyler.

The Kendall store came next; here George H. Kendall carried on a regular country store, selling everything that was wanted — dry goods and groceries, furniture and crockery. He had for clerks his brother-in-law, Jas. W. Caldwell, and Ezra Sawyer, now of Sterling. In the second story John B. Atkinson, a famous Odd Fellow, kept a tailor shop, and in a little one-story ell Gilbert Greene had a jewelry shop. The Kendall house was occupied on the north side by J. B. Atkinson, and the south tenement by Mr. Kendall. A little cottage came next, owned by Thomas Sawyer — afterward by Miss Mary C. Sawyer — now the laundry; and next on the corner of High and Union streets was Lora F. Bancroft's house and store. His principal clerk was Wm. T. Harlow, and in a chamber over the store Dr. G. W. Burdett had an office.

Opposite the Alfred Knight house, Deacon John Burditt built a house, afterward moved by T. D. Dexter to East street. Deacon John Burditt took boarders, and after his death "Aunt John," as she was always called, had boarders for many years. It is said of her that nobody ever knew when she slept. Here Dr. Symonds had an office. The front part of the building was occupied as a dry goods store, kept by A. P. & J. R. Burditt. Horatio S. Burditt, now of the firm of Whitten & Burditt of Boston, was clerk. He used to walk over to Lancaster every Sunday morning to play the organ at the Unitarian church; over the store was a tailor's shop kept by Albert T. Burditt; on the corner where Hubbard's store now is, was a shoe shop, owned by M. D. Hawes and a Mr. Merriam.

These were the only buildings on High street. This was called High street because at that time no one imagined of such a thing as that a street would be laid out higher up the hill. In fact, when I built my house on Walnut street, people expostulated with me upon going away out of town, and by the way I was the first person who bought a lot east of High street.

At this time our beautiful common was simply a cranberry swamp ; since I lived where I now do I have picked quarts of cranberries where the Unitarian church now stands, and there were two Irish shanties, standing about where the new toad-and-tadpole pond has just been made — an awful blot on our beautiful common. Michael Finnerty and Martin Dooly were the occupants of these shanties.

There was a cart path running from Water street across the easterly part of the common, over which the lumber for Lancaster Mills was carted. The road to Lancaster Mills went straight down the hill by the boarding houses ; the Lancaster Mills dam had been built, a portion of the mill erected, a large breast wheel put in, and they were weaving a little white cotton cloth ; no gingham had then been made. There was one large boarding house, kept by a Mr. Porter, and two tenement houses on Green street, and the old house on the other side of the river stood where it now stands ; there was the plastered house near the weaving mill of the Bigelow Carpet Co., and Mark Lund had a blacksmith shop back of it.

Where the Catholic church now stands, was a little old house of two rooms, occupied by Edmund Greenleaf and family. He lost his foot by jumping over a fence upon a scythe, hence was called Stogy Greenleaf. I believe I have mentioned every dwelling house that was then standing in town.

Where the weaving mill of the Carpet Company now stands was called "Slab Meadow," which bore a rank growth of skunk cabbage, hellebore and coarse swamp grass. Why this was called Slab Meadow I could never ascertain, unless it was because there was a wide ditch which ran through it, and a bridge of slabs was made to cross it.

That part of the town called the "Plain," comprising West, East, Forest, and extension of High streets, was the farm of Camden Maynard, partly cultivated, but mostly a pasture, and overrun with blackberry vines. We used to go out coasting on the crust in February and March, commencing at the old Harris house and sliding the whole length of the Plain, almost to Hamilton street.

Horace Faulkner kept the hotel and a general boarding house. I remember among the boarders Charles W. Worcester and wife, N. A. Boynton and wife, Calvin Holman and wife, Jerome S. Burditt, William T. Harlow, L. B. Tinkham, Joel Sawtell, and others.

Where stands our magnificent railroad station, wonderful for its age and inconveniences, was a dense pine wood, where katydids made the night resound with their harsh music ; but we never found out what Katy did. There was also a colony of katydids in the elms which once stood near the Counterpane gate, which elms have been removed by our wise and enterprising road commissioners, as they are removing every large tree they can lay their axe upon.

At this time Horatio N. Bigelow was the presiding genius of the village ; he was the agent and manager of the three corporations — the Lancaster Mills, the Clinton Company, and the Counterpane mills ; under his supervision all the mills were built and enlarged ; the streets were laid

out and built. He lived on Union street, in a boarding house of the Clinton Company. This house was built in a hollow, which hollow was afterward filled about ten feet, the earth being taken from land now occupied by the Catholic church. John C. Hoadley was the civil engineer.

During the year 1846-47, large additions and improvements were made. H. N. Bigelow bought a large tract of land of Mrs. Sally Harris, and laid out our Common — which he afterwards gave to the town of Clinton — Walnut and Chestnut streets, and extended Church street from High street easterly as far as Prescott street. The hill between my present house and the school-house was cut down six feet or more, the material being used to fill the swamp in front of the Town Hall and the Unitarian church. The new Congregational church was built, Rev. W. H. Corning, pastor, H. N. Bigelow giving the land and contributing very largely of his means, as also did E. B. Bigelow, for its erection. He also gave the land for the Baptist society. The Clinton House was built, and opened by a supper, Horace Faulkner and Jerome S. Burditt being the new landlords. The Baptist society, Rev. C. M. Bowers, pastor, who had been worshipping in the brick school-house, moved into the chapel vacated by the Congregationalists.

Ballard & Messenger started the Lancaster Courant. Joseph Willard opened a furniture shop where Dartt's grocery store now is. This shop was originally a stable back of Kendall's house. Gilbert Greene built a new store and house on High street, where Greene's block now stands. Lancaster Mills completed their five-acre weaving room and their new dye-house, and made the first Lancaster ginghams.

The Worcester & Nashua Railroad Company commenced grading their road, having a large gang of shovelers and teams cutting through the hill and filling the meadow toward Lancaster. They ran the first train through to Ayer in July, 1848, having a turntable at the station. It was completed to Worcester the next year.

H. N. Bigelow built the house in which he and his widow lived for over forty years. Asa H. Peirce built the block on Church street, nearly opposite Murphy Bros.' stable.

At this time we had no post-office in Clintonville. Our mail was brought by stage from Shirley, Absalom Gale, driver, and the portion for Clintonville was brought to L. F. Bancroft's store, and then given out. If people were in a hurry for their mail, they would drive over to Lancaster for it. I remember that having an excellent saddle horse, and not having much to do, I used to ride over nearly every day. At that time the late John T. Dame was the assistant postmaster, and in that capacity I first became acquainted with him. John C. Stiles started a line of coaches, running twice a day to Worcester, which was well patronized.

Charles G. Stevens came to town, the first lawyer located here. He had an office over G. H. Kendall's store. Charles W. Field also came to town and located, and opened a shop in the same place where he has been ever since.

Our only voting place was in Lancaster Centre, and we all had to get

teams as best we could to go over; G. H. Kendall and Albert S. Carleton generally provided barges to take the Whig voters over; I don't remember how the Democrats got over; there were not many of them in the village at that time. There was no fire department, no police, no cemetery, no poor-house — everything of that nature was in or near the middle of the town of Lancaster.

H. N. Bigelow built a school-house on the corner of Church and Walnut streets for a private school, and a Miss Rugg of Sterling was engaged as teacher. This building after many removals, was finally located on High street by Levi H. Carter, and is now used as a restaurant.

On July 4th there was a great temperance celebration; tables were erected in the pine grove where our railroad station now stands; all the boys and girls from Sterling, Lancaster and surrounding towns came in crowds. Ezra Sawyer was chief marshal. Speeches were made by Rev. J. W. Cross of West Boylston, Rev. W. P. Paine of Holden, H. N. Bigelow and others. For further particulars, see the Lancaster Courant of that date, in which is an article written by J. C. Hoadley.

In the winter a course of lectures was arranged; lectures were given by Hon. Isaac Davis of Worcester, Rev. J. W. Cross of West Boylston, J. C. Hoadley, C. G. Stevens, A. S. Carleton, by the writer of these reminiscences, and others. These lectures were well received by the public, and were about the only amusements of the people during that winter.

Deacon William Stearns came to town from Lancaster and built the shop now occupied by Nicholas Teasdale.

Luther Gaylord had a shop built by Franklin Conant and Ephraim Fuller, on the site of Eben S. Fuller's planing mill, where he made steel forks, garden rakes, etc., damming Goodrich's (or Guttrich's) brook with material carted from the cut through Guttrich Hill by the Worcester & Nashua Railroad. I remember J. C. Parsons, a slender, dark-eyed, dark-bearded young man, who came to town and worked for Mr. Gaylord. Mr. Gaylord built the house now occupied by Eben S. Fuller; he afterwards moved to Connecticut.

The highways to the adjoining towns were in a bad condition, being very circuitous, and generally were more like cart-paths. For instance, the only way to Sterling was up the Rigby road, then it turned to the left, by a very crooked path up by some small houses south of William MacRell's; thence by Ephraim MacRell's house, thence north to the Butterick farm; thence west by Eber Goddard's saw-mill and the four ponds. On the guide-board near the Butterick farm was nailed a pair of deer's horns, said to be the horns of the last deer shot in this vicinity; hence this district was and is now called "Deer's Horns."

The way to Berlin was from Sidney Harris' by the so-called Pat Moran road to West Berlin, or by a bridle-path on the east side of Clamshell Pond, meeting the road near Lorenzo Wood's place. The road to Boylston was equally bad and circuitous, being by way of Caleb Carruth's and over Wilson Hill by the Teasdale farm. Another way was by the Barnard farm and the Cunningham place to Sawyer's Mills. The only

direct roads were to West Boylston and Lancaster. The East woods were intersected by many bridle paths, which were quite passable by horse and wagons.

The Mr. Teasdale, of whom I have just spoken, I believe was a Welshman; at any rate his speech was very broken. He had the reputation of running a private still, where he made cider brandy for his own delectation. The old Teasdale house was burned a short time since, and a new house, built by D. W. Carville, is on the old site.

The physicians in town in 1846 were Dr. Symonds, Dr. Burdett and myself. We were kindly assisted in our labors by Drs. Carter, Lincoln, and J. L. S. Thompson, of Lancaster, and Dr. P. T. Kendall of Sterling. These have all passed to their reward. Probably no man in this section had such a reputation as a physician and surgeon as the late Dr. Carter. He then had his office in the house now occupied by Dr. G. L. Tobey, in Lancaster. He was a queer compound of ignorance, wisdom, tact and skill in prescribing, and today is remembered by his old patients with the greatest kindness and respect, I might almost say, reverence. I once heard a man say that it would do more to cure a patient to see his old grey horse and sulky drive into the yard, than all the medicine of all the doctors within ten miles. He never received a diploma from any medical college, but had a license to practice from the Massachusetts Medical Society. He had a very oracular way of answering questions. Soon after I came here a man was injured at the Counterpane mill, and of course Dr. Carter must be sent for. He visited the patient, came down stairs, the companions of the injured man crowding around him. "Well, doctor, what do you think of the man?" He paused, then said, "Four times six is twenty-four. Go 'long." The man died the next day. This passed for wisdom.

Of course there was the usual number of itinerant doctors of all kinds and stripes — botanic, Indian, eclectic, electrics, magnetic and mesmeric quacks; but they would only remain a few days, and having reaped their harvest would depart.

We had one fortune-teller, "Miss Hammond," an old colored woman, who lived on the Monroe place, on the road to Mossy Pond. Young people made up picnic parties Saturday afternoons and public days, and went up to have their future told them, by means of an old dirty pack of cards; her fee was ten cents.

There was a flourishing Odd Fellows Lodge at South Lancaster, to which a large portion of the young men belonged, and many spent their evenings at these meetings. There were no whist parties, no whist clubs, no croquet or tennis, or golf clubs; in fact, amusements of all kinds were generally frowned upon and considered frivolous and non-edifying. Occasionally a tea party was given, not a five o'clock tea by any means. The women generally did their own housework, and stayed at home and took care of their children. There was but little money, and people had little time to spend in mere amusement.

Nearly every house in town was built with a mortgage, and to pay off

this mortgage was the grand purpose of the proprietor. Building lots were very low, a lot 50 x 150 could be bought for \$100 ; the same lot now would bring twenty or thirty times as much.

I will take this opportunity to state that there are only five, perhaps six, persons now living in Clinton who were voters and living in Clintonville when I came to town.

CLINTONVILLE IN 1847

DR. DANIEL B. INGALLS — DEC. 9, 1895.

As in ancient times it was said that all roads lead to Babylon the magnificent, so in the later "forties" it would seem that all roads led to Clintonville.

In the fall of 1847 we made our first acquaintance with this part of Massachusetts. We were here without any planning or forethought of our own. Perhaps it is true that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." When at sixteen I was apprenticed to learn the machinist's trade at Norwich, Ct., I expected to remain a citizen of that state. In the spring of 1847 the firm for whom I worked failed, owing most of us a quarter of a year's pay, which was a large part of what we had counted as our worldly assets.

Another boy and myself, with boy's courage, went to Bangor, Me., where we procured work at \$1.50 per day, which we thought very satisfactory. We expected then to make that state our home. We had just become wonted, and looked hopefully to the future, when my friend was stricken down by a severe hemorrhage from the lungs. During that fearful moment when the stream of life seemed to have broken away from its bounds, he looked up, calling me by name, and said, "This means something." It did; it meant the close of life to him in a few months, and a recast of mine, from a human standpoint.

By the advice of the physician, whose fatherly kindness is not to be forgotten, I took my friend to his Connecticut home. While considering the question of returning to the state of Maine, I went to Worcester. At the Foster street station was a coach with "Clintonville" printed upon its side; the name reminded me of a fact that I learned before leaving home, namely, that an aunt of mine had recently moved from Lowell to Clintonville. Being so near, on the moment, I decided to call upon her, and stepped upon the outside of the coach with J. C. Stiles, and enjoyed my first ride from Worcester to this place.

A look backward helps to solve the strange experience of that year. In Vermont, that same year, a fever broke out among the girls to go out into the world to seek their fortune — thinking, no doubt, that Ver-

mont was as good a state for women to emigrate from as it had been for men. Some of them came to this village by coach, leaving the cars at Shirley. If matches are made in Heaven, and the two parties reside, one in Vermont and the other in Connecticut, there must be some influence brought to bear upon one, or both, to bring them together, and this part of Massachusetts would seem to be an equitable compromise as a place of meeting.

After a pleasant visit I was about to return home, when one of my friends asked why I did not go up and see Deacon Parker, and go to work here. "And who is Deacon Parker?" we asked. "Why, he has charge of the great machine shop up to the Coachlace, where over two hundred men are employed building machinery for the new mills here."

We accepted the suggestion and introduced ourself to Deacon Parker, with the usual inquiry: "Are you in want of help?" "Yes; what can you do?" were the words that gave me my first impression of the man. In the course of our conversation we learned that \$1.25 per day for what he called "pretty good machinists" was what they were paying them; they went to work before breakfast, and the day's work closed at 7 p. m. Those hours did not seem so bad then, as my memory went back to a time when the workday closed at 8 p. m. Truly, if work be the burden of life, the yoke is not quite as heavy as it was fifty years ago.

Deacon Parker at this time was in the prime of life—forty-two years of age. He impressed me as a frank, open-hearted, self-possessed, honest man. There was no sham about him. He had none of that suavity of manners that oils the way to good-fellowship in the life of the popular man. He had a way of expressing himself with a look that manifested his contempt for insincerity in others. No one thought of him as selfish in his intercourse with his fellow-men. While true to his employers, he was helpful to those in his employ, and in general was public-spirited in the best sense of the word. In a business way I never met a person who made a deeper impression upon my early life, as to what the true citizen should be, than did Deacon Joseph B. Parker.

His position at this time was a trying one as foreman of ordinary machine shops and superintendent of the manufacture of tried machines, with such improvements as their ingenuity might suggest. He was an important actor in a great revolution that has gradually changed so many departments of human industry. He was expected to bring into working order ideal machines, gifted with the ability to do what had never been done by machinery, run by power. There have been great achievements in this department since his day, and what he did may look simple now, but his was the work of the pioneer, whose success makes after-efforts less difficult.

One afternoon, in the attic of the old shop, where we were taking to pieces one of the early carpet looms in order to try a new combination, the deacon gave us a word picture of the qualifications of the two minds necessary to put an untried invention into successful working order. No one could fail to recognize Mr. Bigelow and himself in the vivid picture pre-

sented, and the inventor did not suffer by appearing in the composite picture. Fortunate indeed is the inventor who has a right-hand man with the practical ability that Deacon Parker was possessed of, to help his ideals to materialize.

There could be no comparison between these two men. Their natural and supplemental gifts were too unlike. They were too individual in their spheres to admit of any jealousy between them. They were builders; neither of them would appear at their best unless they were striving to improve on the machinery of today for the benefit of tomorrow. Such a combination of talent and circumstances would put life and prosperity into any community. I heard a business man say, some time in the "fifties," that he would give one thousand dollars to any one who would tell him of a new place that was starting with as favorable a combination of the elements of success as existed at the starting of Clintonville. It is not those natural facilities that have so much to do in the decision of the question of location in starting most manufacturing towns, such as power and facilities for transportation. It was not location, but genius united with executive ability that started Clinton in its orbit with a momentum that has excited the admiration or the envy of other communities.

When we first saw Clintonville they were making counterpanes at the old mill that bore that name. The plant of the worsted mill was occupied by a small wooden mill where they wove coachlace and a few ginghams—and the machine shop. Where the Bigelow Carpet Company's weaving mill now stands, or in that valley, G. M. Palmer had his foundry. At the East Village there was a small mill, as compared to the present plant, and they were just constructing those overshot wheels, so large that it was thought they were providing for great things.

There was at least one of the old landmarks left there. The old Pitts carding mill was standing just below the bridge, somewhere between the present counting-room and the river, a building after the style of those seen in different parts of the country today, where the wool was carded to be worked up in the family to provide clothing to meet their necessities. The memory of these ruins, like the Passover feast to the Jews, is calculated to remind us of the deprivations and self-denials of those who have given us, under God, the privileges we enjoy. This building, according to the best light we have, was removed in the summer or fall of 1848. I have not been able to verify my recollections. My father had the contract to take it down, and I assisted him a few days. And he came here in the spring of 1848.

The place I involuntarily find myself when in imagination the attempt is made to look over Clintonville as it was in 1847, is in that building in the worsted mill yard, at your left as you pass through the gate. At that time it was *the* machine shop, and a lively place in more senses than one. A large number were employed there, most of them young men representing most of the northern states. To keep this little army in hand and profitably at work was no light undertaking. "The Deacon," as we called him, had his work well systematized. The frames, or skeletons of the

machine, together with the heavy shafts, were made and put together in the lower room under the direction of Horace Whitney, one of the four men appointed to look after the details of the work. The lighter work was done upstairs; Jonas Hunt and Albert H. Smith at that time had charge of the men at work on the different parts of the last lot of coachlace looms that they built here. And Edward W. Goodale had charge of those who were at work on the thousand and one things required to complete the various machines made. At this time these four men were active, wide-awake, in the prime of life, and were expected to keep things moving. It is surprising when we remember what they had to contend with, that they all lived to pass the allotted age of man. All four have died within a few years.

My first work here was upon the coachlace looms under the supervision of Mr. Smith, with whom I formed a pleasant acquaintance which lasted until the close of his life. I shall be pardoned for another very personal incident, as it calls to mind a custom that has well-nigh gone out of use. A young man by the name of Russell, who worked in the lower room, took a contract to make and fit in the main and crank shafts for two hundred and twenty-five looms for the Lancaster Mills. He invited me to go in company with him, handicapped by certain conditions, which proposition was accepted. When we settled it was found that we had made \$2.06 per day, enough over and above my day pay to enable me to buy my time, paying my father \$100 for my time from nineteen to twenty-one. Mr. Russell, or as we always called him, "Russ," went west, and the last I heard of him he was a judge in Oregon.

Of the men whom we looked up to as the leaders in the business as well as the social affairs of the village, many have passed on. Horatio N. Bigelow had charge of the three corporations, and had his hand upon every enterprise that was calculated to promote the permanent good of the embryo town. He also held the commission of postmaster. He would have left a much larger fortune if he had charged for the services he rendered this town.

The popular man of the town, who was equally happy in presiding at a public meeting, responding to an after-dinner toast, or making a presentation speech, was Albert S. Carleton.

George N. Bigelow and Artemas E. Bigelow were early in the field looking after the educational interests of this part of Lancaster. In 1847 the town graded the schools of Clintonville into three grades, making our graded school system older than the town of Clinton.

Rev. C. M. Bowers and Rev. W. H. Corning came to town this year, 1847, and both took an active interest in everything that pertained to the welfare of the town. Ezra Sawyer was an active man in town affairs. He was elected representative to the general court in 1847 by the Whigs, receiving 247 votes. His competitor for the office was Elisha Turner, who received 160 votes on the Native American ticket.

The vote for governor that year was 408, divided between Whigs, Democrats, Native Americans and Abolitionists, the territory comprising

what is now Lancaster and Clinton, voting. Lancaster last year had 416 votes, therefore she has recovered what she lost in voters by Clinton becoming a town, and Clinton's vote represents the gain to this territory.

The pioneer in the legal profession, Hon. Charles G. Stevens, came to Clintonville in 1846, and at the time of which we write, his was a directing hand in the formation of the institutions of the town as well as later in the organization of the town itself.

John T. Dame at this time was located at Lancaster Centre, moving to Clintonville later; he identified himself with the interests of the new community, and gave much time and thought to the financial and educational welfare of the town, an interest that continued until the day of his death.

Dr. Symonds came from the center of the town, where he had been with Dr. Carter, in 1845, opening an office in the new village; he practiced here until his death.

The two physicians who came soon after Dr. Symonds (Drs. Geo. M. Morse and Geo. W. Burdett), are still too young and active to allow me to speak of their prominence in Clinton society at so early a date. They are members of this society and have spoken for themselves.

Drs. Carter and Lincoln from the Centre shared the practice with the younger men, and the former has left an eccentric history that, if properly worked up, would make an interesting volume.

The Congregational church had been organized three years when I came here. The Baptist church organized that year, July 8th, 1847, although the society was legally incorporated March 18th, 1816, to enable citizens who wished such an opportunity to comply with the constitution of the state and the laws made in accordance therewith, that required all voters to be taxed to support the "standing order," unless they produced a certificate of membership in some other religious society. The constitution was changed in 1833.

The Roman Catholic church of Worcester had a mission station here; their house on Main street was not built until 1849. At that time a large proportion of the church-going population attended the Congregational church.

The social, educational and religious, as well as political interests, were largely associated with the vestry of that church: there they held the first town meetings. It was open to all gatherings calculated to benefit the people. Not the least among the organizations meeting there, in the judgment of a young man, was the Village Sewing Circle, which, true to the name, taught the use of the needle instead of the knife and fork; and some of the boy pupils there have since found that part of their education very helpful in an emergency, and the business air of these gatherings helped to break up the stiffness and embarrassment that young people suffered from in those days.

Strange as it may seem today, it was quite a problem then how to bring about the opportunity so that the large number of girls who had come from all the adjoining states to help in the experiment of making

ginghams, and the boys who were at work upon the machinery, could become acquainted. It was thought that it was necessary to cultivate the social element as an antidote for that feeling that came to many who were away from home for the first time.

The prudential method adopted here of having some boarding houses for men and others for women, created a condition of domestic life so unlike what they had left, that many looked back and longed to enjoy the mixed company that came together around the family table.

One of the plans resorted to in the winter of '47 and '48 was what was called the Mechanics' Ball. It came off at the Lancaster House, as it was vulgarly called then, Dec. 15th, 1847. The date was fixed weeks before the event occurred. There were a good many things to be attended to. The qualifications necessary to make such an event a success had been neglected in the education of some of the young men; and to many of them the intricacies of a cotillion looked as formidable as the first effort to ride a bicycle, and as essential then as now that there should be considerable private practice to acquire confidence, before appearing in public. Kind friends opened their houses for drill rooms, and the time was improved preparing the novitiates for the ordeal that they dreaded but would not miss. But how the boys of the Coachlace and the girls of the East Village became paired for the occasion was never told, farther than to say that there has always been a way since they went into the ark, two by two; and whether to call the genius who presides over the details of such events instinct or reason, may be an open question.

The occasion was a very pleasant one, without any serious accident. At least seven couples who became acquainted to enjoy that occasion concluded to dance to each others' music the rest of life. The event was a success in a matrimonial line as well as forever removing all anxiety about the question of Clinton boys and girls becoming acquainted.

After this Clinton became a very enjoyable place socially, with less division into classes than was found in older places; that winter the Clinton House was opened and the dining-room furnished a place for the social gatherings where a little more freedom could be enjoyed than in the church vestry.

There was no lack of excitement or intellectual entertainment; we were in the midst of the Mexican War. This year Charles Sumner made one of his great speeches in Faneuil Hall, which was applauded by the Peace societies in this country and abroad. He demanded the withdrawal of the American troops from Mexican soil. "The war," he said, "is not only unconstitutional, it is unjust; it is vile in its object and character. Such a war must be accursed in the sight of God. Why is it not accursed in the sight of man?" Mr. Sumner was thirty-six years of age at this time, and then commenced one of the most exciting campaigns in Massachusetts' history, culminating in the election of Charles Sumner, three years later, as the successor of Daniel Webster, to the United States Senate, by a union of the Free-Soil and Democratic members of the legislature. There being no choice of governor by the people, they made Geo.

S. Boutwell, governor; Henry Wilson, president of the senate; Nathaniel P. Banks, speaker of the house; and Charles Sumner, United States Senator, two Democrats and two Free-Soilers—four men that have helped to make history.

As for the literary opportunities, the lecture platform was the popular entertainment, and many men whose names are familiar in the homes of today were making their reputation then, and giving their services for a compensation that would hardly pay the hotel bills of the lecturers of today.

The next month after I came here, John B. Gough lectured in the Congregational church. He was then a very slim, wiry man, exhibiting his natural gifts rather than his later accomplishments. One thing I remember about his lecture. He used as an illustration the "jumping jack," and put himself through the motions one gets in operating that toy with such success that I have never since seen one without thinking of Mr. Gough. He was just entering upon that brilliant lecture career that gave him his world-wide reputation.

There were many young men here at that time that we should like to mention; some are with us still. You will pardon me if I mention one. Soon after going to work here there came into the shop a light, curly-haired boy to learn the business, by the name of Josiah H. Vose. He was a bright, active and industrious young man, ever trying to prepare himself for something in advance of his present attainments. He took an active part in all the literary societies. It was in connection with a debating society that a mock trial was held, at which he presided as "judge," giving him a title that he held for many years. I speak of Mr. Vose as one of the brightest young men of that period whom I became acquainted with. We roomed together at one time and I knew something of his aim in life and the manly efforts he put forth to attain to the position he occupied at the breaking out of the war, and whatever position he attained was acquired by faithful industry. It seems to me that the war crossed his path as a personal calamity; probably no man ever went into the army with less natural taste for that kind of service than Mr. Vose. Nothing but a sense of duty could have prompted him to enter the army. We realize that thousands made the same sacrifice and are entitled to all honor; still, in speaking of Mr. Vose without comparison, we believe he could have served his country better in those walks of life that were more congenial to his tastes. He won the glory of the soldier by giving his life to his country; the state lost a man that was peculiarly adapted for service in her civil and business departments.

As I remember the sentiment of those who did the work in the various callings of that day, very few expected to make what they were doing then their life work. They were striving to earn some money that would enable them to buy a farm, to go into business, or to procure an education that would fit them for some professional calling: and they labored under the inspiration of hope that there was something better for them than work which, they intended, should be but a stepping-stone to a fuller realization

of their ambition. A sentiment, if you please, but a condition that not only stimulates growth in the individual, but helps to lift, in a measure, the burden from toil.

A picture in contrast was presented me at the potteries in London; as we were leaving the works, one of the workmen was standing at the door, and in passing we asked him how long he had worked there. He dropped his head as though the question awakened unpleasant thoughts, as he said, "Ever since I can remember; and what is more, my father worked here and his father before him." And then with a pathos that only comes with words that express the deep feelings of the individual, he said, "And what is sadder than all the rest, I know that this boy," looking down upon the little fellow by his side, "will in all probability spend his life in the same place, doing the same kind of work that his fathers have done before him;" and continuing, he said: "Looking back over my own life I can see what the future of this boy will be."

The sentiment of the people, as we saw it in Clintonville in 1847, and as presented by this London incident in 1875, brings out the contrast between the two theories in the industrial world; namely, whether the individual shall be lost in the guild, or the guild be animated by independent, thoughtful individuality, with the door ever open, encouraging each individual to strive to realize the highest possibilities that his capacity and the circumstances will allow. One course makes the nation's ideal product manhood, the other its commercial commodities.

Clinton, to most of us, is our adopted home; her prosperity, as her loss, comes to those who have watched her growth from small beginnings, as a personal joy or sorrow. It is our home; our dead sleep beneath her soil and we cannot be indifferent as to her future growth and standing among the municipalities of this commonwealth. I think you will agree with me that she sprang into importance and beauty, more from the remarkable gifts and public spirit of her founders, than from any natural resources. We have to a certain extent become a railroad center, but we have upon our borders two cities, Worcester and Fitchburg, whose industries are varied, and largely owned by their own citizens. Our industries, to a large extent are owned by men outside of the town, and therefore they cannot take part in the management of our municipal affairs in which they are pecuniarily interested. Our hope of growth must depend largely upon retaining the confidence of those to whom we look to contribute to that end. It can only be done by maintaining an honest, public-spirited management of the affairs of the town. And let us hope that the public spirit and honest enterprise that laid the foundation for our town may be revived to perpetuate its growth.

Memories of Former Clinton Ministers

REV. CHARLES M. BOWERS, D. D.—JUNE 8, 1896

Until within about seventy years the clerical profession had in the towns of New England a very great influence not only in religious matters but also in educational, social and civil questions as well. They were to a considerable degree the educated class, and in some places where the parish embraced the entire town the minister was the only college graduate. Consequently he became in a sense a kind of pope in the community. When Harvard College was started the main idea seemed to be, according to its seal, “For Christ and the Church,” to supply proper qualifications for preachers. Ministerial dignity was something wonderful, and New England history tells us of the former times when a clergyman left his study to enter the family circle, all the children, of whom there was generally in the home of the holy man an abundant supply, rose and remained standing until he had taken his chair. In many towns when the hour of Sabbath worship had come the sexton went to the house of the preacher, marched before him to church, preceded him up the aisle of the sanctuary to the pulpit stairs, and there left him to make what further progress was necessary in ascending to his throne. At the close of service the congregation arose and remained standing in solemn reverence until he had passed out of the house. It was also regarded as presumption for one minister to preach within the parish limits of another without securing the permission of the autocrat of the premises.

All such things have passed away, and the ministry of to-day is stripped of the authority and singular sanctity that once gave it peculiar power. A writer in one of the magazines recently declared, “No one thinks to-day of the preacher as a living force in his community.” It ought to be a matter of general congratulation that some change has come over the religious world in regard to the manner in which the pulpit shall be judged and what kind of influence shall be allowed to it. But when one asserts it has ceased to be a living force anywhere the most superficial observation protests against the falsehood. Intellect, speculation, inquiry and educational institutions were never so alive as to-day, and they never had a closer relation to the life of preachers than in the closing days of our century. No live community of any size would any more think of

getting along without a proportion of ministerial gifts than it would propose to live without merchants, mechanics or common laborers. Preachers are a necessary evil as truly as doctors, lawyers or pedagogues. To say that men like Brooks, Lorimer, Savage, Hale, Gordon, Storrs and Parkhurst with their large following are not living forces is to talk nonsense. Every college in the land has a part of its life in the life of the preaching class. John D. Rockefeller's millions call clergymen to make one of the greatest institutions of our times. Would judges and lawyers or doctors and compounders of medicines turn from their work to make a university? Are colleges, religious journals, translators of the languages and literatures of the world live things, or are they corpses that smell through long waiting for burial? As there is not on earth such a force to-day as religion, so there are no forces in human shape so full of fiery power as the ministers of religion. Every kind of society organization and movement is crying out "Let the preacher speak."

If, however, the clergy have lost power of a certain kind they have gained vastly more of another sort. We are glad that the age has little use for the sermons of a hundred years ago or for the customs that almost divided ministers from the common life of average men; and that they are gone never to return. To-day is a better day with a better influence for religious teachers in that they are measured by what is real and true in them in knowledge, attainments and proper manhood. It is a very interesting fact that when a minister to-day preaches another man's sermon he usually steals one from some preacher of his own generation, inasmuch as the musty old volumes of the past would hardly supply life enough for the warm blood of our times.

A sounding board over the head of the minister was one of the favorite institutions of a century ago, and it was said to be intended for throwing out the sound of the preacher's voice, but there were hundreds of meeting-houses where, when the sound was thrown out, there wasn't much of anything left of the sermon.

This may seem a long introduction to the present paper in which we propose to give some brief notices of certain clerical worthies who for a time served the churches of Clinton but have now joined the great majority beyond. Most of them were fully alive to the demands of the age in regard to what makes a good citizen and a worthy builder of true home life.

Since the development of Clinton as a manufacturing center nearly fifty different clergymen have resided here to prosecute the work of their calling in the denominational worship with which they were connected. Some general facts in regard to them as a class may be mentioned much to their credit. Of all the men who make this part of the ecclesiastical history of our town no name has been associated with any low, distressing scandal. It is rare that in so large a place as Clinton, with nearly fifty occupants of its various pulpits, all have been gentlemen of pure, clean lives, none have had any reputation for meanness, none been discredited by financial short comings, none marked by any special quality of the baser kind. None ever entered into bitter theological strife with their brethren, and non

ever wrought destruction in the circle of their own fellowship. With all the varieties of taste, temperament, opinions and predisposition that might be supposed to divide fifty individuals, none ever declared war against his neighbor or indulged in the verbal lynching of his fellow christian. Expositions of truth and expositions of error were given occasionally, but without personal severity or theological malice. The churches have been quiet in their relation to each other because the pulpits kept the peace. An element in the worth of these men is that none, so far as we know, ever gave to the world a son characterized by a depravity that would exclude him from virtuous companionship with a town or city politician or an Irish office-seeker. The worst we ever knew of any of these worthies was, one drove the best horse in town, another was charged with surplus radicalism, one had a tendency to absent-mindedness, two edited the village paper for a period, and two went to the legislature for a session or more, one became a practitioner of a new medical system, having previously attained distinction in the clerical discipline of croquet. While none of them ever reached the fame of a Talmage, a Beecher, a Cuyler, a Kallock or a Meredith, nearly all attained a position of fair usefulness and honor. One, indeed, surpassed his fellows in reaching the dignity of Bishop in the largest denomination of the land.

One thing is very remarkable, however, touching the ministers of Clinton. No one has died while in active service in the town and thus honored our cemetery by "sleeping the sleep of the just" within its borders immediately on closing "life's fitful fever." A respectable portion of such valuable dust seems almost essential to making the final home of mortality first-class in its appointments. Two or three real pastors settled in a graveyard add interest to its history and associations.

It might also not improperly be mentioned in this connection that no one while in the pastoral office amongst us ever extended his mortal period to that age as to awaken solicitation lest his people might have him too long on their hands or be obliged in christian tenderness to meet the cost of his funeral or burial. In the lapse of half a century no church has been called upon for ministerial funeral expenses, in disposing of a pastor. But from generals let us go to particulars in regard to some who have left the service of time for the crown of the great forever:

CONGREGATIONAL PASTORS

(Rev. J. M. R. Eaton was the first pastor of the Congregational Church; he was born in Fitchburg in 1814, and attended Leicester Academy, graduating from Amherst College in 1841, and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1844. He preached his first sermon in Clintonville, in the "chapel," on Main street, August 3, 1844. On January 9, 1845, he was ordained pastor of the church with a salary of \$550. He remained a little more than two years, concluding his services in April, 1847, three months after the dedication of the new church on Walnut street, the edifice having been built during his ministry. While in Clinton he occupied as a parsonage the house subsequently owned and occupied by Gilbert

Greene, and later by Samuel W. Tyler, the house still standing immediately north of the "Tyler block," on High street. South of the house, on land now covered by the block, was a spacious garden. He served as one of the trustees of the Lancaster school district "No. 10," also on the Lancaster school board. After leaving Clintonville he had pastorates: three years in Shirley, seventeen years in Henniker, N. H., and seven years in Medfield, Mass. Retiring from the ministry he resided for a time in his native city of Fitchburg, and then removed to Redlands, California, where he died. He was highly esteemed while the pastor of the little church in this village, and is on record as possessing a gentle and lovely character.—

EDITOR.)

Rev. W. H. Corning, the second pastor of the Congregational Church, was in many respects as notable, strong and instructive a preacher as ever filled a Clinton pulpit. He had not quite the average of physical strength and vigor, which caused a slight tendency to a nervous attention to the state of his health, and prevented his reaching the high place of usefulness to which his talents fitted him. If, as Napoleon said, an army moves on its belly, so does the ministry to some extent. Indigestion and short supplies, with associated ailments, cut many preachers down one-half. Corning was not reduced that much, but he worked to considerable disadvantage in being compelled to know he had a stomach or a stomach had him. He was a man intellectually well furnished, with a proper round of the scholastic theologies of his day, abundantly able to expound the doctrines of his faith, not afraid to deal with what our times reproach as dogmas, well read in general literature, and possessing a good measure of oratorical power as a speaker. The fact that after his pastorate in Clinton he was called as a supply for months to the leading pulpit of his denomination in Boston, that of the celebrated Park street church, gives a good idea of the general ability of the man and shows what possibilities were in him if he had been favored with more athletic conditions. But he was too limited in height, size, limb and muscle for the best endurance. His sermons were good every way, marked by a vein of originality and could be appreciated by his hearers, both learned and unlearned. He loved occasionally to arrest attention by a striking or unusual text like that he selected one time from Isaiah xxxiii:23, "Thy tacklings are loosed." Probably no one in the congregation knew before that such words were in Scripture, but they had as they listened to the discourse a new appreciation of the ability of a wise teacher to bring forth things new and old out of the oracles of truth. Although occasionally dealing with some verse or part of a verse which never before, perhaps, found its way in any pulpit, or was as much unknown to ordinary readers of the Bible as the existence of gold in the property owned by some western settlers, he never treated in a way to make it ridiculous or for the purpose of proving how curiously he could deal with the rare things in the divine record. He never affected the sensationalist in preaching or used the pulpit as a kind of literary circus performer. It is an interesting fact, by the way, in regard to Clinton, that none of its churches were ever served by men that astonished the public

with "ground and lofty tumbling" or substituted intellectual gymnastics for manly, honest work. Mr. Corning's sermons had in them always the solid matter of well arranged thought.

Rev. W. D. Hitchcock was the third pastor of the Congregational Church. He was a man of wonderful sweetness and gentleness of character, almost too good for some of the stalwart work of rebuking sin and carrying on the battle against the world, the flesh and the devil. If he knew in himself what sin was or what temptation might be in any of its many forms it hardly ever appeared to any one. He lived much in himself intellectually and spiritually. Not that he was indifferent wholly to social conditions, but his standard of self-making was so high he had to economise his whole life in reaching it. His speech, appearance and movement had almost a feminine delicacy in them. He could hardly say a rough thing and almost never a radically bold one. This does not mean that his mind was destitute of good tone and quality—far from it. If, to use a word we heard applied to a minister the other day as a royal virtue, he was no "hustler" and did not preach in capital letters and prepare his sermons with enormous exclamation marks, he gave his people the results of careful, honest study, and was never surpassed in Sabbath ministrations in the production of discourses of able and well digested thought by any of his successors. At the same time, in his preaching the best part of his sermon was himself. He was an infinitely modest man—too modest and given over to too much quiet and retired thinking. He could not thump the pulpit or whack the Bible or speak with the voice of thunder. But he could do better. Like Moses he could say: "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb and as the showers upon the grass." Hitchcock was the embodiment of grace and goodness. We have sometimes thought that for certain desirable effects in preaching a minister almost needed a grain or two of depravity, and perhaps if the good man before us had been tempered with some of the make-up of Peter it would have added a degree or two to his power. Either because of some mental peculiarity or his great absorption in the supreme idea of his life he manifested at times a surprising absent-mindedness. To us this never seemed a weakness or detracted from his value as a public teacher. It was rather to his credit, and indicated how fully he was possessed of the spirit of his calling. It was the strange description once given of a remarkable German saint that he was "God-intoxicated." To illustrate the obliviousness of Hitchcock's thoughts in certain circumstances, we may mention a mistake he made on an exchange in another town. There was an infant to be baptised. He descended from the pulpit, performed the ceremony and then announced to the astonished congregation that the deacons would now proceed to take up a collection. Officers and people looked at each other in surprise, some smiled, others took upon their faces the tokens of most puzzled inquiry, but after some hesitation the deacons passed the boxes and the collection was taken; but whether for the baby, the minister, the church, the choir, or what other object, no one ever knew. Perhaps Providence intended to

give the worshipers a lesson that some indefinite giving might occasionally be added to their routine benevolences. When Hitchcock, after a few short years of service in Clinton, transferred his work to another place, he took from us as sweet, gentle and spiritual a life to shine elsewhere as ever was connected with the religious history of our town.

Rev. W. W. Winchester of the Congregational Church was a man one remembers with interest for his delightful social qualities, his friendly sympathy, his uniform kindness of spirit and courteous manners. What might anger some others he met with a peculiar calmness. Perhaps he made, however, upon the great and interesting congregation he served a less decisive mark than any other pastor, save one, ever settled over it. This was not owing to lack of real ability, but some tardiness in the movement of his blood that often prevented a proper ambition from doing to its utmost. Frequently as late as Saturday morning he did not know what the next day might bring forth in the nature of a sermon. He was sure he never could miss supplying his people with good texts at any rate, whatever lack might attend the sequel. With one of the larger congregations in Worcester county, happily embracing at that time no small share of the intelligence, influence, and enterprise of our town, it naturally seems that the whole nature of a minister might have been stimulated to the highest strain of effort to meet the demands of his responsible position. That he could talk easily in the pulpit may have prevented, to some extent, his hard thinking out of it. He did on rare occasions show the quality in him, though planted too far down for ordinary production. One of his first sermons in Clinton was on "Conscience." So highly was this discourse approved and so valuable were its suggestions that it did good service as a stand-by in several repetitions. Many good things are good enough for goodness to have the good of proper frequency. Mr. Winchester, perhaps should not be charged with any faultiness in not continually pushing himself, for it was not in his nature. His home life was too charming for vigorous professional effort. His wife was an artist with considerable attainment in painting, music, and the ornamental delicacies of a refined taste. Providence had given him much to enjoy which necessitated some indulgence. If the richest flowers of delight are in our way we must stop often to pluck them and enjoy their fragrance. Where Providence tempts it is not strange we should find it reasonable to put life on furlough from hard work. If any of the people wickedly thought that the famous sermon on Conscience might have suggested some possible application on the supply of ministerial instruction falling behind a righteous expectation, they ought to have remembered that the ten commandments even were not intended for the practice of the tables of stone that gave them forth, but for the practice of the hearers who received them. Mr. Winchester's ministry in Clinton was not long, but it might have been longer if his actual ability had been driven into supremest exercise. That he was acceptable to the majority of his flock it is just to say, and that he was popular among all the people of the town as a good citizen and honorable man entitles him to most respectful mention. The credit of having a warm place in the hearts

of the entire community belongs to him, and when he left us he left with the reputation of being a good man and a man of larger ability than he had constrained himself to give to the service of the world.

Rev. Benjamin Judkins was also on the roll of worthy men who for a time served the Congregational Church in pastoral office. He had the ordinary equipment of education and good personal qualities for success in his work. He was gifted with a fine commanding voice of such volume and penetration as to waken even deaf ears into hearing. He could not be described, however, as a preacher with such distinct characteristics in the matter of his teaching and sermonizing as to make a very decided impression on his people. All men however worthy, agreeable and good, are not equal to all places. It is easier sometimes to understand why a pastorate ended than why it ever began. Gifts that are really valuable may fail to fill one place which may fill another to the fullest. It is not to the discredit of any man that he has not every kind of ability to enter upon fields of exceptional importance; it is only unfortunate if the man is not in all respects large enough for the place or the place small enough for the man. In our use of the word large or small the question may not be of real ability, but of some kind of popular adjustment. When an Englishman said all ministers should be taken out and shot when they reach sixty years of age, the point did not refer to a real decay on their part, but only to the arbitrary dead-line beyond which a heartless sentiment would not make their usefulness any longer profitable. Some pastorates may not reach a reasonable success only because the pews do not adjust themselves to the very qualities in the pulpit they have invited to serve them. It is due to Mr. Judkins to say that while candor could not put him in the list of great preachers, he may be ranked high among the men whose goodness and virtues make them a blessing in any community where their lot is cast for a longer or shorter period.

Rev. Charles Wetherby, another pastor of the Congregational Church, would be called by many the best preacher that ever filled the Congregational pulpit, all things considered, and perhaps by not a few the ablest minister ever settled in town. Not that in every particular he surpassed all others, but that in more of the qualities which give force, attractiveness and ready acceptance to one's ministrations he took the lead. He may not have reached the scholarly finish of one in his sermons, or the grace of another in the style of his address, or the measure of a third in points of discrimination, or the uniform consistency of a fourth in his position being the same at all times, but when you took the man altogether he could nearly be accounted "primis inter omnes," and certainly he fell behind none in general power as a teacher of religion. In the composition of his sermons he showed a remarkable aptness in picturesque description, keen logical quality of mind, and a heart-penetrating persuasiveness in the application of truth. A series of discourses given by him on the Great Reformation under Luther, at the 400th anniversary of the reformer's birth, was never surpassed in the popular interest awakened by any lectures given in the town. His church on successive Sabbath evenings was crowded to over-

flowing, and the preacher even outdid himself in the glow of his eloquence and the striking effect of his delineation of the wonderful story. In his profession as a preacher Mr. Wetherby was a workman of remarkable excellence and skill, and was a capital illustration of one of our opening remarks, that the minister of our times is taken for just what he is worth. The respect accorded him was the same as is mostly bestowed on a remarkably good performer in any of the offices of life. Mr. Wetherby was greatly honored as filling a large place notably well in all respects. When he removed to Milford, where he died, the whole town felt a sense of loss like parting with a treasure of incomparable value.

UNITARIAN PASTORS

Passing to the pulpit of the Unitarian Church so ably served for the most part by a succession of valuable men, we mention the first pastor, Rev. L. J. Livermore, with tender regard, as illustrating in the choicest degree the good qualities of the man, the citizen, the neighbor and friend. By social gifts, by his courtesy, affability, spirit of helpfulness, ready fellowship and pleasantry, he had an admirable outfit for large usefulness. He was a piece of sunshine. Kind words dropped from his lips like healthy breathings. He had a vein of wit, but it was never tinged with a purpose to sting. His heart had in it a good deal of fellowship with all hearts. In his public discourse he did not try any of the ambitious exaggerations of eloquence knowing, as once was said by a sharp literary critic, "when a man begins to be eloquent he begins to lie," nor did he ever carry his hearers into what has been declared the popular distinction of one of our living "tongue performers." flights of fancy, oratory and metaphor which are almost bewildering at times," that his preaching was a kind of more easy conversation with his people, full of good counsel for daily use, and distinguished by sound, practical sense. He did not affect the profound in unprofitable discussions, but taught the wisdom of Scripture as related to human responsibility and life. He noticed with pain the trivialities and small ambitions that enter so generally into social conditions and his ministry was marked by a special effort to lift the people into the larger relations of true being. So often did he touch on the frivolity of fashion and the lighter indulgencies of mere pleasure that shut off the proper development of Christian character that he finally seemed to some to be giving disproportionate attention to this line of instruction. A pleasant illustration of the manner in which his mind was working was given in a social gathering when his good wife dropped the remark, "My children are going to the dancing school;" "But mine are not," replied he very promptly, though in the most pleasant manner. In this he had not the least particle of aversion to the accepted enjoyments of liberal feeling and only intended to indicate that the young, even, should be lifted to some higher level of thought and experience. When reference is made to his free, conversational style of preaching, it is not intended by any means to hint that there was any lack of thoroughness in his pulpit work — far from it. He never gave his people dough for bread, froth for food, or stood

before them with what one has called "untrimmed sermons." If at times he used extemporaneous words he did not turn his hearers off with extemporaneous thinking. Like the conscientious teacher in the schoolroom, he was prepared to teach and always manifested a happy fitness thereto.

Rev. Jared M. Heard was a man of positive, strong personality. If it had a moderate element of abruptness in it, there was no lack in it of a real heart. He was richly endowed with intellectual force, and had his life been spared to full maturity he would have ranked among the best minds of his denomination in all this region. In early youth he passed through the excitement of a Methodist experience, but his more advanced thinking carried him over to what he regarded as a truer philosophy of religion. That he was conscious of possessing large ability did not detract from his real worth, for he was conscious only of what was true, and the men who really do good service in the world must have some correct idea of their measure and calling. Father Taylor once said he could not preach as well as some men, but he knew he could preach a great deal better than some others. Mr. Heard could happily appreciate in his estimate of himself the latter part of Father Taylor's comparison. As one physician may know he knows more than another, and one advocate may properly claim he has more legal ability than another, so may a preacher of some mark indulge in the feeling, without being charged with disagreeable conceit, that he is superior to many who are only weaklings in his profession. Mr. Heard gave free, honest utterance to his convictions, never for a moment supposing that the liberalism he rejoiced to represent meant any trimming, uncertainty, indistinctness, or withholding of his real belief. Indeed, at times he may have been charged with a boldness of doctrine too far ahead of the occasion to be consistent with the cold blood of prudence. He did not think loud and then speak low, but his strongest thought took its strongest word to express it. We remember an occasion when he stood almost alone in a great gathering and received from an aged minister of his own communion one of the most ill-timed rebukes we ever knew administered in the interest of pure policy and non-committalism, when Mr. Heard himself had represented the only position consistent with the fundamentals of his faith. He dared to know what he knew, and dared to say what his knowledge constrained the saying of. He was in the pulpit and before the pulpit what his belief made him say out of the pulpit and to himself. In this he was deserving of the highest respect.

While serving his parish as pastor he interested himself in the study to some extent of natural science. He loved nature. He was a great walker. His excursions on foot carried him over this region in every direction. Wild flowers, insects, birds, and all the lower orders of creatures he felt a peculiar delight in. He would feel an interest in a serpent as a serpent even if the Scriptures spelt its name with a D; hence, when he became our representative to the General Court, an office in which he sought to secure some favorable legislation, if possible, for his native town, Wayland, in regard to recovering certain overflowed lands for cultivation, he originated and presented a bill authorizing the towns of the commonwealth of a certain size to raise by taxation given amounts to be

appropriated to establishing and maintaining museums of natural history and for the collection of any and all objects of curiosity that might be connected with the several localities or people. The bill was finally defeated after some discussion, though the object involved more merit than can be found in a part of the enactments of the legislature. As it is possible to make anything ridiculous, one of the wags of the legislature moved that the bill be so amended as to allow each small town to keep a small elephant. The discomfiture of Mr. Heard in the matter on which he had set his heart possibly robbed him of a fame beyond that he reached as a religious teacher. Public museums all over the state might have competed eventually in distinction with public libraries.

Rev. I. F. Waterhouse was a man of fine presence, genial spirits and gentlemanly manners. He came from the Christian church into the Unitarian fellowship. His early training for the ministry had not the fullness and completeness that usually distinguish the preachers of the latter denomination, and it made his position somewhat difficult in his new relations. He was industrious, he labored hard to meet the demands upon his brain, but in entering the field in Clinton he found more educated intelligence than he had been called to serve in his former settlements; and he found, too, a class of minds that had enjoyed to some extent in Lancaster the teachings of that remarkable scholar and preacher, Rev. Edmund H. Sears. He had to meet conditions where the lighter material of his providing was naturally in time followed by some disappointment. That he was a man of excellent spirit, pleasant address and royal sympathy with his people in all that concerned their common life could not wholly compensate for some lack that appeared in comparison with the more solid deliverances of his predecessors. Few ministers of his faith ever devoted themselves more carefully to their work or tried harder to gain the power to fulfil the responsibility on his hands, but previous limitations hindered him. As a ministerial figure, pleasant to look upon, few could surpass him. In his physical development and shapely form he belonged to the best type of manhood. His natural ability was by no means inadequate, and if he had enjoyed the severer training and culture of our advanced institutions he would have reached an enviable degree of success in his work. He was useful up to the measure of his circumstances, and many found him a blessing to their hearts in the kindness of his work and service.

Early History of Clinton Hospital

DR. WALTER P. BOWERS—DEC. 11, 1899

From Dr. Bowers' address we make copious extracts as below:

For five years or more prior to any definite action in the matter of building a hospital the subject had been casually mentioned when doctors met together or when they found themselves confronted with a case demanding special care; and it is known that several years earlier one of the leading ladies of the town, Mrs. M. A. S. Forbes, often urged upon her husband the erection of a hospital for the benefit of the operatives in the mills; but nothing developed of a tangible nature, unless it may be said that these suggestions were preparing the minds of some for a favorable consideration of the matter at the right time.

So far as the reader knows, the first incident which had direct bearing on the creation of a hospital in our community was the meeting of a clergyman and a doctor on the High street sidewalk in the early fall of 1888. This was not prearranged or by design. The clergyman had recently visited a poor sick woman, and on meeting the doctor casually mentioned his perplexities about the proper care and management of the case, and explained the situation in detail. Here the doctor turned the tables on the minister and preached hospital to him, using the circumstance just narrated as forcibly as he was able.

The clergyman became interested; he endorsed the sentiment of the doctor, proposed a conference later, and these two men then and there agreed that Clinton could and should have a hospital, and they would do all in their power to bring it about. The clergyman's name is Thomas L. Fisher, and to him belongs the credit and honor of having done more to spread the hospital idea in Clinton in its early development and to organize the corporation than any other one man. By a fortunate coincidence an order, the local branch of the King's Daughters, had been organized in Clinton May 22, 1888, and was the first to raise money for the institution by the members of Ten No. 5: Lucy Doggett, Helen B. Hammond, Gertrude Vickery, Lena Schmidt, Catherine Field, Florence Field, Clara Fisher, Gertrude Miner, Mabel Breed, Mrs. A. A. Chace, Mrs. William Hamilton, Mrs. Fred Ladd, Alice Hosmer, Georgie L. Houghton, Alice Brooks, Alice Carter and Maggie Hamilton. We are glad to note that

the King's Daughters, while not carrying out the letter of any one of their several votes, have fulfilled the spirit in that they have been constant and untiring friends of the hospital. During the summer of 1889 the Ten carried through a program of entertainments which netted \$157, and a series of musicales also yielded \$149.

On May 14, 1889, a meeting was held in the Guild room of the Episcopal church "to take counsel regarding the organization of the hospital corporation and needed committees," at which meeting Dr. W. P. Bowers, Dr. C. L. French, Mrs. W. S. Doggett, Mrs. E. L. Greene and Mrs. J. C. Duncan were chosen a committee to arrange for securing names of corporators. Hon. C. G. Stevens offered his assistance in the preparation of the needful papers and in securing a charter. On May 21st the preliminary articles of agreement were drafted, this agreement being signed by Charles G. Stevens, Edward L. Greene, George M. Morse, Charles L. French, James C. Duncan, Helen M. Bowers, Edith P. Greene, Elizabeth D. Fisher, Selina Coulter, Jessie F. Duncan, Delia S. Howe, Frances P. Doggett, Walter P. Bowers, Nella B. French, Thomas L. Fisher and Ellen K. Stevens.

A constitution with by-laws having been adopted, the following officers were elected: President, Charles G. Stevens; vice-presidents, Dr. G. M. Morse and Rev. J. C. Duncan; secretary, Dr. C. L. French; treasurer, Edw. L. Greene.

In those early days the association held meetings monthly and the members conducted its affairs, rather than delegate them to its officers and committees.

The assessment of the ordinary members was fixed at \$1 and the life members at \$50. Among the first life members were: George E. P. Dodge, Mrs. Laura R. Stevens, Miss Ellen K. Stevens, Miss S. Lizzie Russell, Bayard Thayer, Charles G. Stevens, Mrs. E. V. R. Thayer, John E. Thayer, Mrs. Mary W. Fuller, Herman Dietzman (representing the Turn Verein), Mrs. Elizabeth W. Bartol, Franklin Nourse, Mrs. J. Wyman Jones, George Alfred Brown.

On Nov. 12, 1889, the association voted "that the trustees be authorized to hire a room or rooms, or to recommend some plan by which accommodations can be secured for hospital purposes." This action followed a discussion at a meeting of interested ladies, their executive board having previously elected Mrs. W. S. Doggett chairman and Mrs. W. P. Bowers secretary. At this meeting of the board it was decided "that an article be inserted in the local paper asking for applicants" to furnish a desirable hospital room. The advertisement as it appeared in the *Courant* of October 19th, read: "The Clinton Hospital Association would like to make some arrangements with a neat, competent, capable woman, who may have one or more rooms to rent and who would be able and willing to receive and care for, wholly or in part, a few patients who might need medical attendance," etc. This advertisement met with a response from Mrs. John T. Coulter of Laurel street, who offered certain rooms in her house for a hospital.

The finance committee received its first money October 30th, contrib-

butions and membership fees, \$325, this work by the executive committee being only secondary in point of time to the work of the King's Daughters. The sums now and previously received warranted making a beginning in the task of securing a hospital.

On Nov. 12th, Mrs. J. K. Burrage and Mrs. A. K. Harris were elected members of the executive board, the complete list then including: Mrs. Thomas L. Fisher, Mrs. E. L. Greene, Mrs. J. W. Howe, Miss L. A. Buckingham, Mrs Rufus Eager, Miss Minnie Vickery, Mrs. J. R. Foster, Mrs. C. E. Pynchon, and Mrs. W. P. Bowers.

It does not appear that business at the Laurel street hospital was very brisk, for on Feb. 5, 1890, it is recorded that "there was nothing of importance to report," and "there are no patients in the hospital, that the rooms seemed neat and cheerful, and that the door was locked." Also that there was no kerosene and the ladies took the liberty of ordering a gallon can.

In September, 1890, it was reported that for the last three months there had been at least two patients all the time, and that the matron, Mrs. Coulter, had been obliged to secure a servant to assist her.

The first work of this hospital was on Dec. 10, 1889, when the first patient was received, and the same day Mrs. Coulter was constituted the legal matron and nurse.

Although the hospital had been equipped in a preliminary way and a patient received, there was no regular medical staff; and in order to provide this necessary part of the working force the following doctors were appointed: Drs. Geo. M. Morse, C. L. French, P. P. Comey, and W. P. Bowers, Dr. Morse being designated as chairman. Subsequently the staff was increased by the addition of Drs. Geo. W. Burdett, Thos. H. O'Connor, G. L. Tobey and J. J. Goodwin.

With the responsibility of the first patient, even though she died soon after an operation, greater interest and activity were manifested, and it was only a few weeks when another and soon another patient was received and the novelty of a new patient began to wear away, and everybody connected with the institution settled down to the systematic task of building up a hospital.

The doctors—if no others—recall the disappointment resulting from the death of this first patient and well remember the unkind rumors carefully nursed and disseminated regarding the probable fate of all who dared enter.

Singularly, the surgical hospital on Highland avenue began in the same way, but later records show that an unfortunate beginning may not be a bad omen of the later history.

An agitation for a permanent hospital building began in the spring of 1890. Up to this time there had been made more or less formal offers of land for a building. Jonas E. Howe had offered a lot on Burditt Hill; Andrew L. Fitch one on the Fitch road; E. S. Fuller one on the land the other side of the railroad, back of E. A. Currier's; and David H. Maynard a lot near his house. This last offer was recalled, because Mr. Maynard's

partner did not concur in this idea, but it was while inspecting this land of Mr. Maynard's that the present site was discovered.

At a meeting of the association, January 2, 1890, C. G. Stevens and Dr. G. M. Morse were made a committee to negotiate for land for a hospital site. This committee investigated the various offers and was impressed with the Greeley street section as the most suitable by reason of the nature of the soil, proper distance from town, height of land, etc., and on finding that Mr. Maynard's offer could not be made good the rest of that region was explored. The writer remembers looking over the knoll where the hospital now stands by invitation of the committee, and of following Dr. Morse through the scrub oaks until he reached the part overlooking the valley below where he, Dr. Morse, exclaimed, "This is the place for the hospital!" There never was a more fitting speech.

Further investigation revealed the fact that the property belonged to the Nathaniel Thayer estate, and Dr. Morse politely suggested to the heirs that it would be a very acceptable gift.

February 5, 1891, at a meeting of the association, Dr. Morse read the following letter:

LANCASTER, Jan. 19, 1891.

My Dear Doctor:

Your letter of the 5th was forwarded to me so I only received it on my return here. If the hospital committee desires the lot you speak of, we will present it to them.

Yours truly,

N. THAYER.

This offer was gratefully accepted, and a committee met W. A. Kilbourn, as the representative of Mr. Thayer, on the lot soon after and explained what was wanted, and a deed was delivered May 10, 1892. Later, John E. Thayer gave a valuable lot to provide for a frontage on Flagg street.

The association now had demonstrated by its work on Laurel street that it was willing and able to carry on the business for which it was created, and there were indications that the Laurel street accommodations would soon be too small. A lot of land had been given, intelligent and earnest women were working on the executive board and finance committee, organizations and individuals were sending contributions so that the treasury was slowly gaining in receipts over expenditures.

This combination of circumstances warranted the next step, viz: the building of a hospital. The friends of the institution were ready to meet this responsibility, and had been quietly studying the problem and comparing the conditions here as well as elsewhere, sketches of plans had been made and studied by different members. A committee on place was chosen consisting of Dr. W. P. Bowers, Dr. G. M. Morse, Rev. J. C. Duncan, George W. Weeks and Rev. T. L. Fisher.

Architect Gurdon T. Fisher presented plans, also G. W. Weeks, but it was concluded that the convenient and beautiful sketch by our townsman would involve a cost larger than the trustees were willing to accept.

On June 7, 1892, the final plans were adopted and the trustees were instructed to proceed to build. The trustees elected Dr. G. M. Morse, E.

S. Fuller and Dr. W. P. Bowers a building committee, and Messrs. Geo. W. Weeks, Edw. L. Greene and Rev. T. L. Fisher a committee on plumbing. These committees contracted with Horace H. Lowe for the building, and J. B. Farnsworth for the plumbing and heating. The work was begun in August, 1892, and the building was opened to the public for inspection May 6, 1893, and on May 8, the patients were transferred from the Laurel street hospital to the new building.

Reference was made by Dr. Bowers to the generous contributions by the wealthy residents of Lancaster and to the interest in the enterprise by all classes, by social clubs of little boys and girls up to the larger religious and fraternal bodies in town; also to the earnest and successful labors of the soliciting committee, Miss Gertrude Vickery being the first chairman, and later Miss Esther Morse. The committee secured pledges for the new building to the amount of \$6,151.49. Other sums given brought up the total to \$7,611.69, and \$1,454.64 were paid from a series of entertainments, with goodly amounts from various religious and fraternal organizations, "which must receive mention by some future historian."

Phases in the Evolution of Clinton's Greatest Industry

NEIL WALKER—MARCH 9, 1903

Mr. Walker commenced his remarks by a reference to the manufacturing conditions one hundred years ago. In 1790 the first cotton mill was built in Pawtucket, R. I., with the Arkwright principle of machinery, by Samuel Slater. The first spinning machine contained twenty-four spindles, and on the throstle principle. Cotton manufactures continued to spread from that time until the war of 1812. In that year there were in Rhode Island thirty-three cotton factories containing 30,663 spindles. In Massachusetts there were twenty mills with 17,371 spindles. In passing, we note that there are today in the Lancaster Mills 82,752 spindles—the fifty-three mills of the early period having 34,718 less number of spindles than our present Lancaster Mills. At that time England was the chief manufacturing country of the world, and naturally enough our young nation had little use for commercial dealings with a country with which it had recently been at war. Edward Everett Hale names four men who, as he says, had a larger part in increasing the material prosperity of this country than all the statesmen and politicians of that time. These four were: Napoleon Bonaparte, who offered to the United States all the territory between the west bank of the Mississippi River and top of the Rocky Mountains; Robert R. Livingston, who accepted the offer without waiting to hear from our government; Eli Whitney, a native of Westboro, who, going south as a tutor, invented the cotton gin, by which five thousand pounds of cotton were cleaned of seed in a day, against five pounds per day by hand of one person; and Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steam-boat which made its first trip on the Hudson River. Dr. Hale thus speaks of these series of Events: "Given now these four miracles: First, the appearance of cotton; second, the doubling of the territory of America; third, the development of steam, especially in the commerce of the great rivers of the American continent; and fourth, the navigation which made the United States for twenty years the great carrying power of the world. Given these four series of events and in their history you know why the insignificant confederation became a nation, hopeful in its arts, not insignificant in its arms, and honored throughout the world in its commerce."

In this town E. B. Bigelow did for the weaving industry of his time what Eli Whitney did for the raw cotton industry of an earlier period. Many changes have taken place in the gingham industry since the Bigelows built the Lancaster Mills upon the north bank of the Nashua River as it wound its way through the hamlet of Clintonville, a part of the old town of Lancaster. Passing over the building of the mill and the installation of its four hundred looms and the necessary preparatory machinery, such as carding, spinning, etc., we find that in 1846 everything had been done for a beginning in the manufacture of ginghams. An old D. H. time book shows the names of Donald Cameron and two workmen in the coloring department, the first record being Jan. 1, 1846. This would indicate that weaving began some time after this date, but no large amount of cloth was made for some time, as another old record book in the coloring department shows that the number of pounds of yarn dyed for the year 1846 was 27,316; in the following year, 94,890; in 1848, 221,035; in 1849, 363,500; in 1850, 542,760.

In 1853, 5,000,000 yards of cloth were made. A study of this old record shows us that for a period of ten years following 1853 there was no increase in production, and in three of those years there was an actual falling off; these years were those of the Civil War, when the Lancaster Mills shared in common with the majority of the cotton mills of the country in the depressing conditions which obtained. In 1864 the amount of yarn dyed was 642,000 pounds, and in 1868, 1,208,000 pounds were sent through the dye house. In 1880 the number of looms had increased from 1600 to 3400, and this is practically said to be the largest in the world exclusively engaged in the manufacture of ginghams.

The period of greatest expansion for Lancaster Mills was during the time between 1878 and 1893. In this time the number of looms increased from 1600 to 3500, and this is practically the number at work at the present time.

It has been said that in order to keep fully abreast of the times it is necessary to consign the greater part of a mill's machinery to the scrap heap once in ten years. This may not be literally true, but the statement contains a large element of truth. When a carding engine appears on the market with a capacity for producing fifty or sixty per cent. more work in the same time and yet does not occupy much more floor space, it is time to give up the old machine, although not worn out; the same holds true of the loom. Twenty years ago the looms at the Lancaster Mills were running at a speed of 100-110 picks per minute; today the newer, improved loom is running at 160-172 picks. It can be readily seen that it is not an economical measure to keep the old looms even if they are not worn out.

We have said that in 1853, 5,000,000 yards of cloth were produced. Fifty years later this mill can turn out about 45,000,000 yards of ginghams, but among other changes which the years have wrought is this one: Lancaster Mills is no longer given over to the making of ginghams.

Twenty years ago the great market for Lancaster Mills product was west of the Mississippi River. Ten years ago the writer saw in a whole-

sale dry goods house in Duluth, Minn., a larger number of pieces of Lancaster Mills goods, than he would have found in all the leading Boston shops put together. With the coming in of the "shirt waist era" and the use of colored shirtings for men, a great demand for this class of goods sprang up, and these mills prepared to meet it. Until within fifteen years but one count of yarn was used; gradually finer grades of goods have been placed upon the market. Mercerized yarns, those yarns which by chemical and mechanical treatment combined quite a lustre, closely imitating silk, have found a place in the goods now made at the Lancaster Mills, and New England is once more a consumer of its products.

In its beginning the power furnished by the flow of the south branch of the Nashua River sufficed for the needs of Lancaster Mills, but the infant industry soon outgrew the 600-horsepower which the stream furnished, and it became necessary to use steam. First one, then another steam engine was added, until five were used.

When it was decided that the south branch of the Nashua must be taken to supply the needs of Boston and vicinity, a new method was adopted for the production and transmission of power. A plant was established consisting of a power-house, a battery of modern steam boilers and two Corliss engines whose combined horse-power is something over four thousand. In connection with these engines are generators for the purpose of transforming steam power into electrical energy, which is conveyed through coils of copper wire to motors of from 50 to 250 horse-power each, conveniently situated for the work to be done. Lancaster Mills was the first large manufacturing concern in New England to adopt this method of transmitting power.

Among the changes which have come with the years may be mentioned those in connection with the transportation facilities of the earlier times in the history of Lancaster Mills and the present. Doubtless some of the older members of this society remember the mule teams that were first employed in hauling the cotton and other supplies from the station to the mills, and on their return taking loads of cases of ginghams on their way to the selling agents in Boston and New York. The writer well remembers the interest with which he watched Mike Ryan and his tandem team, 'way back in the early '60s, on his way to and from the station.

This method of transportation was continued until a branch road was built from a point east of High Bridge, or what was then known as the Old Colony R. R., into the Lancaster Mills yard. Since that time all goods have been shipped directly from the mill to the wholesale buyer in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Duluth, and other points of distribution. Cotton, coal, and other supplies are brought in over the same road. The importance of this change from mule and horse teams to steam railway will be made very clear when we are told that the weight of two items of freight—coal and cotton—received at the mills amount to about 19,000 tons; add to this the outgoing finished goods, the various items like drugs, dyestuffs, soap, starch, lumber and the thousand and one things required in such a mill, not to mention machinery, and we have a grand total which would require a large number of teams and men to move.

HISTORY OF CHAPEL HILL SCHOOL

WELLINGTON E. PARKHURST—JUNE 18, 1903

Ever since the day when :

“The sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
With the anthem of the free,”

the school-house has been the rock to which our ship of state and our social fabric has been anchored. Through its portals, year after year, and century after century, the youth of our land have passed in an endless procession; numerous inspired pedagogic architects have sketched plans and laid corner stones for character edifices which have later developed fair proportions and enduring material. Herein hopes have been conceived and resolutions born which have determined successful careers. No scholar has enjoyed the privileges of the schoolroom, whether an original genius or an advertised simpleton, who found himself or herself proof against the magnetism of an idea pertinently and persistently suggested from an authoritative source; and the students of five talents have had equal coaching in the educational race with those who were the possessors of ten. Like a beacon light on a treacherous coast the school-house has guided the voyager toward a safe haven. Teachers may come and teachers may go, pupils may enlist in the primaries and graduate from the universities, but the school-house goes on forever—efficient in present service and proficient in retrospective enjoyments—well illustrating in its history “The pleasures of Hope and Memory.”

On the front cover of the old Webster spelling-book which was a text-book on the desks of the pupils of fifty and seventy-five years ago, and from which they not only learned to spell but also to compass the rules of punctuation, with columns of definitions and abbreviations, as also the names of the vowels—“a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y”—there was a picture more attractive to youthful eyes than any paintings from the brush of a Rembrandt or a Rubens shown in modern galleries—a representation of a youth climbing a steep hill upon the summit of which was located the “Temple of Science.” In the olden time it was the custom to locate the village church on a hill that the presence of aboriginal foes might be more readily detected as the people gathered for worship with each return of the Sabbath day—and thus the church spire indicated from

afar the site of the church; and the little village of Clintonville, in the "South Woods," and later known as "District No. 10," had its temple—its educational temple, on the hill—on "Chapel Hill."

Fifty years ago, on the site now covered by the Fyfe business block on Main street in this town, and easterly of the first little railroad depot where Alfred Knight, station agent—Edwin Bynner's sub—kept the office and won the good opinion of the school children, and near the junction of the present Main and Sterling streets—there was a low, round, green hill, adorned by a grove of white oaks, the plenteous fruit of which the boys used as missiles in their mimic wars. Rude seats were constructed in the shade of the spreading branches, and it was a coveted privilege to take school-books to improvised benches where were afforded opportunities to study—or gossip—by the hour; but we are told that the favor was rarely abused, the children having early learned the lessons of honor and self control. On the grounds in rear of the school-house was a high pole on which was a revolving wheel furnished with pendant ropes; and the boys counted it rare sport to grasp the end of these ropes and "swing around the circle." This artistic device was made by Henry Morgan, a bright scholar, and later developing musical genius, who in hours devoted to the making of mechanical experiments thus illustrated his talents for improvising methods of recreation. Southerly of the "hill" and about where are to-day the main tracks of the N. Y., N. H. & H. railroad, was the boys' playground. In those early days the opportunities for quenching thirst in that section were not as numerous and as varied as they are today, and at recess the boys rushed like a flock of sheep across to the residence of Joshua Thissell, a short distance to the south, after "water to drink," and with less decorum than was always agreeable to the owner of the well.

This historic school-house was constructed of wood and painted a somewhat somber brown, a prevailing color of buildings in this vicinity at that date. It ended and faced toward the street, easterly. It had two doors in the front, each leading into a small ante-room, one for the boys and one for the girls; there were windows upon the south and north sides of the house, with green blinds.

The little "primaries" were accommodated with seats in the front row. The platform, on which was the teacher's desk, was at the west, or rear end, of the room; there were four rows of double seats, accommodating forty scholars—two rows for the lads and two for the misses, the lads being on the south and the misses on the north side of the building. There were blackboards on the four walls which were constantly in use in recitations in arithmetic, geography and grammar, and in spelling exercises. In the summer the esthetic tastes of the school were evidenced in floral decorations and in the winter by evergreens.

In the front of the school-house, on the opposite of the county road—for there were no "avenues" or "boulevards" in those days—there was another mound of about equal height, located near where the Keyes wagon shop now stands, and known to geographical students as "Grace Hill." The scholars found no trouble in scrambling up the hill from any direction; but upon the northerly side there was a flight of steps with dangerous

cracks in the flooring, down one of which a certain New York clergyman remembers to this day having lost a silver coin—a serious financial embarrassment. On the summit of this hill was a flagstaff, up which the boys were accustomed to climb for the double purpose of getting exercise and of winning the admiration of the lassies. The swing and the flagstaff completed the inventory of their gymnastic apparatus. Not far distant, on the east side of the road and near the Counterpane Pond, was a "ball alley," run by Eben S. Henery; later, the building was converted into a house.

On Sundays the school-house was used for public worship—originally by the Congregationalists; hence its name, "chapel." It was thus occupied by this denomination until it built a new church on Walnut street, an edifice some times called the "Lord's barn," being destitute of any spire and plain in its architectural design. When the Congregationalists left the chapel the Baptists occupied it two years, until they built a church edifice, also on Walnut street.

Among the names of the families which attended the services held on Sunday in the chapel were the following: Houghton, Rice, Gibbs, Jewett, McCollom, Greene, Patterson, Worcester, Merrifield, Orr, Wyers, Sawyer, Harris, Burditt, including "Uncle John Burditt," who was tinged with Adventist views, and once on a time complimented the pastor, Rev. Eaton, by remarking to him: "I think you preach the gospel in the main."

The venerable ex-pastor, Rev. J. M. R. Eaton, survives most of his successors in the Congregational church, and writes us from his distant home in Redlands, California, that he thinks the pulpit in the chapel was a gift from the Calvinistic Church of Fitchburg. At the date of the dedication the sermon was preached by Rev. Hope Brown of Fitchburg; the singing was led by the late Dea. Caleb K. Sawyer, and was of a high order for those early times. Carter Wilder played the violin or a bass viol, and his son, George C. Wilder, now living in Kansas, remembers that when three years of age he accompanied his father when the latter was a member of the village choir.

A lady residing in another part of this county states that at the age of eight years she attended church in the chapel, but cannot remember whether the attraction was the "free seat system" or the originality and eloquence of the youthful preacher, Rev. C. M. Bowers, who was present and conducted the service every Sunday. She adds that a remark made in the course of the delivery of one sermon stamped itself upon her child-
ish memory. In speaking from the text, "Boast not thyself of tomorrow," etc., and discoursing upon the uncertainty of life and earthly plans, she understood that he anticipated a premature death when, as he laid his hand upon his heart, he exclaimed, "The seeds of mortal disease are already planted here;" And she farther says: "I have rejoiced that in fifty-five years that harvest has not been gathered."

The chapel was first occupied as a school-house, with Miss Adelphia Rugg as the teacher.

For four years—from 1847 to 1851—the school had its highest degree

of success under George N. Bigelow, a native of Paxton, who was assisted for a time by his brother, Artemas E. Bigelow, now a resident of Paxton. After two years of rest, in 1853, Principal Bigelow went to Europe, but he did not forget his pupils, many of whom received interesting letters from him while he was abroad. He was subsequently and for several years the principal of the State Normal School in Framingham; from Framingham he went to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he took charge of the Atheneum Seminary, a school for young ladies. On June 29, 1883, he made his last visit to Clinton, giving the address at a reunion of the high school alumni. He died in Brooklyn, August 28, 1887, at the age of 64.

Of George N. Bigelow all his surviving pupils speak in terms of highest praise. We quote from a few who verbally or by pen have given us their impression of him as an instructor and friend :

A letter from one of his scholars, now in Paris, says : "He was the prince of instructors, an enthusiast in his profession, and as he had acquired ample control of himself, he had little trouble in controlling the rather turbulent element constituting the male portion of his school; he was a fine eloquentist and frequently drilled the whole school in reading, both 'in concert' and individually. I can now repeat pages, both of prose and poetry, which were drilled into me at this period. I don't think he was a particularly good mathematician, at least my impression at that time was that some of the 'miscellaneous questions' in the back part of Greenleaf's arithmetic bothered him a little; but perhaps the impression was due to the fact that they bothered us a good deal. I can see Mr. Bigelow now, with his earnest face, standing at the blackboard on the girls' side, illustrating with diagram that absurd problem of the grindstone from which four proprietors agree to grind off their respective portions, successively. His illustrations of the mystery of square and cube root, by means of blocks, are still fresh in my memory."

A present prominent resident of Bolton writes : "Mr. Bigelow was the beau ideal of a school-master, active and painstaking, not only imparting knowledge to his pupils but also good manners. The discipline which he maintained over his pupils, not only in the school-room but in society, strongly contrasts with that maintained today. Well do I remember being in Clinton Hall when a banner was presented to the Sons of Temperance by Miss Hoadley, in behalf of the citizens of the town, when, detecting by his vigilant eye that many boys were chewing gum, he immediately stopped the proceedings long enough to give a rebuke, reading us a lecture on good manners the next day in the school-room."

Another remarks : "Whenever he made a rule he insisted upon obedience by old as well as young."

A lady who has long had her home in Kansas, whose father was a very prominent citizen in the early history of this village, writes as follows : "Mr. Bigelow understood better than any one I ever knew how to arouse an enthusiastic passion for learning, and then how to guide it so as to attain the best results. We were taught how to study; a love for classic literature was thoroughly instilled and I often recall, even now, passages from Addison, Shakespeare, Bryant, etc. The school became exceedingly

popular and many students from adjoining towns were glad to avail themselves of the superior advantages offered. Frank Russell gave a series of lectures on elocution before the school and an intense interest was awakened in what was then a new branch of study. Mr. Bigelow became thoroughly conversant with Mr. Russell's methods, and continued our study and practice; we often stayed a half hour or more after school to read and recite, so great was our interest."

Another: "He successfully taught the young idea how to shoot," his pupils wondering "how one small head could carry all he knew."

And another: "We all liked him very much as a teacher and as a true gentleman."

Henry Chamberlain was one of the nervous boys who could not sit still, and was full to the brim with mischief, and therefore was continually under reprimand by the teacher; but he once remarked to a friend: "Mr. Bigelow scolds me but he loves me"—an idea which might be amplified in illustration of the teacher's heart and methods.

These tributes to Master Bigelow's success as a teacher, coming to us from both continents and from various homes between the Atlantic and Pacific shores, a half century after he had closed his work in Clinton, demonstrate the ability which by tact and conscience, an instructor possesses to mold the character of his pupils. More enduring is a memorial in the hearts and memory of the survivors of the youthful band which once gathered on Chapel Hill, than granite shaft, for a good word or a kind deed radiates from its point of departure as the tossing of the pebble which disturbs the pool tells of its presence in successive and far-reaching waves. It is a matter of great doubt if there is a single scholar who then cared to acquire knowledge, or failing at that time to appreciate his or her advantages, does not now justly estimate the earnest efforts of Mr. Bigelow to lay foundations for a service which should prove a success and a blessing to others long after the teacher had passed away, even to the sunset hours of life.

Samuel W. Boardman followed Mr. Bigelow in charge of the school—a teacher of whom most of his pupils have pleasant memories. It is said he was less exacting as respects studies, and less rigid in the matter of discipline; he was a native of Troy, Vt., a graduate of Middlebury College and later of Andover Theological Seminary. On one occasion he preached in the Congregational Church, and as good a judge of the quality of sermonizing as the late Daniel W. Kilburn, who in his last years was a lay preacher, said, "I never listened to a finer sermon." As a school-master, he commanded the respect of all his scholars who came thither to learn, and they appreciated his earnest efforts in their behalf. It is related that on one morning as he approached the school-house a fierce snow-ball battle was raging and he came within range of the cold hard shot; but as the ball struck him in the back he was fortunately unable to recognize the wide-awake offender and was spared the duty of inflicting any punishment as a penalty for trespassing upon his dignity. His scholars were numbered as in a jail or mine, and when he wished to call for any one he

would specify 20, 25, or 35, or whatever number was borne by the pupil. If he desired to reprove any of his flock for misdemeanors, he would tell them in a quiet way, "I will take a little walk with you after school;" but whether he adopted this method of interviewing his young lady pupils history does not state. Mr. Boardman remained but one term.

Mr. Boardman rarely lost control of himself or of his school, even in those trying conditions which under a cloudy sky and east wind will occasionally pervade every school-room and annoy every teacher, whatever his or her temperament, and the story goes that on one day, sorely vexed by the unruly deportment of his school, he ventured the remark: "I supposed I came here to teach ladies and gentlemen, but I find I was mistaken." The infrequency of the necessity of so sharp a rebuke is satisfactory evidence of the orderly reputation of the pupils.

The next teacher was Charles W. Walker of Southboro, whose drastic methods of discipline satisfied his pupils that he fully believed that a sparing of the rod was quite too likely to spoil the child, for he kept a good stock of birch rods in his desk, while in the right hand drawer of that essential piece of school furniture he carefully stored a "teacher's strap," made for his use from harness leather, by Deacon William Stearns. Undoubtedly—as is frequently the case—his social standing in town was enhanced by the fact that his wife was a "brilliant woman"—such being the conclusion in all the village sewing circles, when the fact leaked out that she "wrote stories for the newspapers." At the Fourth of July celebration dinner in '53, served in Horatio N. Bigelow's grove, which then covered the land which is now the upper section of Church street, she read an "original poem," which Edwin Bynner, the editor of the *Courant*, dared to say he could not have written or at least did not write without aid. The poem was entitled "The Voice of Whigs and Democrats vs. The Voice of Free Soilers." As the local political machine was then being fired and run by "fossilized hunkers," and as the anti-slavery sentiment was too feeble in this community to appreciate this motley attempt to harrow the feelings of the old line politicians, the result was a sharp controversy in print. In his school Mr. Walker was the victim of many boyish pranks. The bell was tinkered so that when he lifted it to ring after recess the bell and its handle parted company, the pupils who were watching to observe the result of the game expressing their emotions in a general and merry laugh. Another trick was cutting the disciplinary rods nearly apart so that when applied to an offender they went into fragments; at another time the chimney was filled with stove wood; and still another exploit was the tossing of a stick of wood into the chimney. Those were the days when Dr. Preston Chamberlain was a visiting committeeman who not only examined the work of the scholars but also the aforesaid teacher's strap. Mr. Walker's home was on the Rigby road, and he was the last of the chapel teachers; he made vigorous efforts to get the principalship of the new building, on corner of Walnut and Church streets, but the prize was carried away by Josiah S. Phillips of Leominster.

It is reported that a lad who attended Mr. Walker's school and now holds a high legal position in Washington, D. C., one day getting a sharp

taste of the "strap," a sympathizing miss, who has also since held positions of wide influence in a western state, witnessing the castigation suffered great excitement over the scene, begging the master to stop the severe punishment. But her pleadings were without avail.

One day while Mr. Walker was in the aisle talking with one of his pupils his dress-coat-tail was cleverly scissored; it is said, on good authority, that this subtraction of broadcloth was made by a pair of shears which had been the property of Marion Oleott; however that may have been, none at this late date can question the propriety of obtaining some tangible souvenir of so distinguished a preceptor.

We are not aware of Mr. Walker's career after leaving Clinton. M. J. McQuade of Oak street states that at a later date he met his former teacher in Washington, D. C. He writes: "He did not know me, but I made myself known to him; I think he was then chaplain of an Indiana regiment."

Perhaps no better view of those school days, and of individual pupils, can be had than is afforded in a letter written us by a lady now residing in the far West, who, as a worker in religious and literary circles, has enjoyed a very successful career; we feel confident that in view of the lapse of half a century since the occurrence of the events to which she refers, all the friends to whom she makes a kindly allusion will enjoy her reminiscences and understand them in the light of earlier days. Therefore we transcribe:

"I was ten years old when I commenced going to school at the chapel, having been sent back and forth, like a ping-pong ball, between the high and second schools.

"In my library among French Ollendorffs and Latin readers, is a First Class Reader, which has a poem, 'Friendship's Wish,' written on a blank leaf by Helen Greenough; she was my seat mate and pushed me off my seat because I began missionary work by telling her, at her own request, some of her faults. We wanted to become saints and were to help each other; unfortunately I consented to begin with her faults and get her ready for the aureole; so I said, 'You would be much nicer if you were not so quick-tempered.' I never went any farther in preparing her for sainthood, and I never knew what she considered my besetting sin, for she was so disturbed that she didn't speak to me for a week.

"It seems now as though we had beautiful entertainments at the chapel one evening each week. Somebody read 'The Wide, Wide World' to us. We had dialogues and debates. In one dialogue I was the daughter of some woman who took me to a teacher to urge that I be allowed to study French and music, as I didn't need no grammar!

"Urania Ingalls was on the back seat among the young women of the school. Some other young woman always walked away from school with her, both with big books on their arms. With what awe I gazed upon so much knowledge. There was also Fannie M. Sawyer and Mary Frank McCollom. As I think of these pupils the thought is like the faint odor of rosemary and sweet violets.

"A few years ago the latter (Mrs. Simpson) was at a social function at my home. One of my friends looked at the sweet, dainty little woman and asked what kind of a child I was in school. I awaited the answer with fear and trembling. 'She was one of our brightest little girls,' said Mrs. S. The friends looked at me with my coming gray hair and the crow's-feet beside my eyes and laughed as they tried to see that far away 'little girl.'

"In my attic is an old portfolio—the same I used when a school girl—in which are cards, invitations, notes, 'poems' written by the school-mates of that far-off time: among others a poem by 'Ben Cotton,' but that must have been later than chapel days for Dr. Parkhurst of New York, who then sat across the aisle from me, helped me to get it on its 'feet.' And here is a little square hollow tube which some boy gave me—I am sorry I can't remember who—which I used for the purpose of enclosing the forbidden 'note.' I remember a song we used to sing for the comfort (?) of the geometry class, while the school sang 'Araby's Daughter.'

(We may here interpolate the suggestion that whatever the name of that "song," it was doubtless appropriate. Nothing so thoroughly impresses a listening or participating audience as appropriateness in the rendering of a vocal selection. We personally recall being in attendance at a wedding in a church on an Illinois prairie, some years ago. The audience was patiently awaiting the arrival of the bridal party with no opportunity to hear charming strains from Lohengrin; fifteen minutes passed and no arrival; a half hour went, but still no "couple," with attendants, was seen, and we waited and waited until in an agony of desperation some one struck up that old hymn commencing, "How tedious and tasteless the hour" and that speedily brought in the groom and the bride; but to resume from the letter in hand):

"I wish I could forget the fact that Sarah Otterson borrowed my new and handsome 'Kiss me Quick' to wear when she and Hattie Chamberlain went somewhere to ask Anna Green to a party to which Sarah did not invite me at all! All I remember about her was this borrowing of my things and not then giving me an invitation. Perhaps, in the language of today, I 'didn't belong in that crowd,' and was only a 'kid.'

"Clara Forbes came to the chapel school—a good student, and in the same class with me. I have yet one note from Mary Pease, a good girl, who afterwards lived in Worcester. Sue Fleming was one of the older girls, whom I thought very bright. A boy named McCurdy was always kind to me and gave me the first 'compliment' I ever had: if I remember rightly I did not receive it very graciously.

"Now I'll close this old portfolio. Perhaps in the other world students from the chapel building will be only across the golden streets from each other. I am so glad there is room in Paradise for all."

If the history of the school on Chapel Hill could be fully written there would appear sundry interesting incidents which served to enliven the sometimes monotonous experiences of school life, but many of these incidents have faded from the memory of the pupils—who are now mostly and

inevitably "old folks?" but a few acts have survived the intervening half century and the actors have become so sedate and so aged, and are so widely scattered that it may be safe for the writer to put on record certain interesting facts, and equally safe for readers to see themselves in print.

One day Charles Stanley was vainly trying to recite an exercise, Mr. Bigelow being somewhat busy with another scholar; at length, noticing the delay in the recitation, the master encouraged his advance in the familiar quotation, "On, Stanley, on"—which apt suggestion broke the ice and the student went "on" with no more difficulty.

Another day, during a recitation in philosophy in which a problem was under discussion relative to a cylinder, Mr. Bigelow accidentally confounded in his explanation the "cylinder" in question with the name of the Celinda (Gates) who was reciting, and in such a way that the accidental pun immensely amused everybody in the house.

One of the feminine pupils thus writes of Charles A. Otterson, who was in a class by himself: "He was a three-story wonder to me; I always suspected something wonderful would come when he recited, and so I watched and listened whenever he came to make any demonstrations and diagrams in the big problems in Greenleaf's arithmetic."

Among the scholars in attendance was one Tom Sawyer a "jumper." At one time during recess, spurred on by his associates, he essayed to jump the brook near the foot of Church street, but landed in the middle of the stream; vowing that he would continue the attempt until success crowned his athletic efforts, he made several successive jumps, but every time with the same damp result, and cold baths were all that he enjoyed in the way of reward for his herculean efforts to span the stream.

Henry Bowman was a leader in various martial sports; if there was to be any war, or a chieftain was wanted for an Indian tribe, Henry was always on hand, as if in anticipation of the time when he should meet the foe in battle array.

Daniel A. White won the title of philosopher from his associates from the fact that he was unceasingly diving into the whys and wherefores of the lever, screw, pulley, etc.

Henry N. Otterson usually had the attention of his fellow pupils when they should have been studying their lessons—by cyphering with his left hand while his figuring always came out right. One of his colleagues writes of him: "I remember his recitations in algebra."

Two of the reliable boys were Charles F. Greene and George A. Dorris, who attracted the attention and admiration of the neighboring young pupils because they were forever doing sums on their slates—a new arrangement and a substitute for the blackboard.

Samuel Myrick Bowman was a wide awake youth who, once on a time, escaped a correction for some misdemeanor by making for the outer door before Mr. Bigelow could divine his purpose; the master followed him and round and round the building they went, very like the hound after the fox: the chase led down the hill and when the race was at its sublimest point Bowman dropped and allowed Mr. Bigelow to go over him, the master sustaining no injury beyond a serious rent in his trousers which much aided ventilation.

Angus Cameron was the wit of the school and always "in it"—never on the outside of any fun; his companions always heard him declaim in full preparation for a smile for which they usually had a use before the recitation was ended. One day Angus, with other bright boys of his class asked to be excused from school duties that they might go a-fishing, but was refused. The next morning when the scholars, in accordance with Mr. Bigelow's requirements, repeated some scriptural verses, Angus, with possibly a challenge in his eye, repeated: "Simon Peter saith unto them I go a-fishing." Mr. Bigelow started for him and both went out of doors with no delay, and not long after both returned to the school-room evidently somewhat "winded" by their hurried excursion, but the details of the trip have not gone on the record.

Frank Felt was one of the pupils whose talent for writing "compositions" had not then so fully developed as it has in subsequent years; a private fact, confidentially related, is that she did not at that primary period of her life, heartily enjoy this exercise; for a long time, in one way and another she evaded the task until Mr. Bigelow instructed her to get some paper and proceed to write. She complied, and when it came her turn to read she arose with the following original essay:

We have a school in town,
Spoken of with great renown;
The children go, both high and low,
The teacher is George Bigelow.

As none could question the facts included in this "composition" it was accepted and filed with the productions of her more prosaic colleagues.

One morning, one of the boys in his reading, came across the well-remembered imperative exclamation, "Down, ruthless insulter." This proved a bit bothersome to the reader; he hesitated, and at length the master helped him out with the correct rendering, but being slightly hard of hearing the pupil didn't "catch on," but did as good scholars do—the best he could—and bravely read, "Down, toothless saltcellar," and readily finished the paragraph. This misinterpretation once had its parallel in a school where the writer was present when a young man innocently read "oatmeal scenery" for "autumnal scenery."

One of the vivacious scholars still lives in the memory of her associates as the roguish miss who during the exercise of singing, materially assisted the master by beating time with her umbrella, especially during the rainy season.

It is related of one of the very "steady" boys, who afterwards held honorable positions in the manufacturing industries of this town, that once on a time, by request of Master Walker, he cut a bundle of blackberry vines for disciplinary service, in lieu of birch twigs, and at a later period managed to get some of his neighbors into trouble in order to test the corrective qualities of the vine—a perfectly laudable proposition to a lad who was understood to be always on the lookout for a chance to seek the greatest good of the greatest number.

One of the youngest of the scholars in Mr. Bigelow's school was

Mary Frank Stearns, who sat in the front row of seats and remembers but a single incident of school life in the chapel, viz.: that she was kept after school several hours one Saturday afternoon to learn four lines of rhyme, but failing finally to accomplish the task, went home in a very sorrowful frame of mind.

When Mr. Bigelow was engrossed with one of his favorite classes he assigned to Alonzo Stone the duty of watching the clock and of announcing in a loud voice, as he always delighted to do, "Recess time!" or "Twelve o'clock!"

James Munroe Ingalls was reckoned as one of the "bright boys," a born mathematician: he usually trudged to school with Cameron, both living in the easterly part of the village. A correspondent says: "James Cameron was full of fun."

The leader in all exhibitions by the scholars and a superior student in arithmetic, algebra and geometry, was George W. Weeks: a schoolmate speaks of him as an ever popular lad among his fellows, adding: "He was a sort of Jupiter on Mt. Olympus."

The school always had good singers, whose services gave a pleasing variety to the daily exercises; many were the evenings spent in rehearsing songs and glees which were brought out in little exhibitions by the school or used to enliven sleighing parties and various festive occasions. Many of the singers in the school belonged to the choir in the Congregational Church.

Among those who took long daily walks to the school was Katherine Wilder, whose family lived near Clamshell Pond. She is now officially connected with the Brown Sanitarium in Barre; an older sister, Mrs. Lee, resides in the same town.

One of the older pupils of the school mentions two facts—(1) the pupils were generally inclined to drop their studies and watch the recitations of the various classes on the floor; and (2) every amusing incident by general consent furnished the well improved opportunity for general merriment throughout the school-room—facts which have occasionally been observed in other schools.

Three members of the Chapel Hill school sacrificed their lives for their country during the civil war, and their names are carved upon the enduring granite of our soldiers' monument: Samuel Myrick Bowman of the 57th Massachusetts regiment, and Zadock Batterson and John Frazer, both of the 15th regiment.

Five other members of the school survived the perils of the contest: Henry Bowman, Henry Greenwood and Walter Whittemore—the latter in the navy—and all enlisting from the Courant office; also Joseph E. Miner; all these four have survived to present date; James N. Johnson returned home, but has since died.

One, James Munroe Ingalls, has distinguished himself, since the war, in the regular army, his works on ballistics having become authority on both sides of the Atlantic; he has risen to the rank of captain and has been retired with honors and is at present sojourning with his family in Paris.

One became a clergyman—James F. Powers. He took orders in the Episcopal Church, if we are not in error; in any case, when last heard from he was preaching in Philadelphia.

One, John Ring, became a local poet, and there are a few copies left of his little volume, entitled “New England Rhymes.”

Several of the band made their home in the far West—too far, we fear, to ever again visit “the loved spots which their infancy knew.” But they are not forgotten by the remnant who still keep guard in the town and commonwealth of their nativity.

A Clinton boy who attended at the chapel and has since held high positions as an attorney in the capital of his country, writes: “The scenes of my boyhood and school days come back to me with very considerable vividness.” And a gifted member of the school who retains very pleasant memories of Master Bigelow and his school, adds: “These memories bring back old times, but the ‘old times’ never really come back—only the shadow of them.”

Before closing we should add that the frame of the old school-house still remains; when its mission as a church chapel and school-house had ended it was moved one hundred rods to the south and located on the west side of Main street, being raised one story and another story finished off below, after which it was occupied as a double tenement house. A few years later, as the railroad business interests made demands for more territory in that section of the town, it was removed to Sterling street, and there it stands today a few rods west of the Boston & Maine railroad track, on the north side of the street, and known as the “Lyman house.”

NAMES OF SCHOLARS

The following is a partial list of pupils who attended this school under either of the three masters to which reference is made above:

Henry N. Bigelow, Daniel H. Bemis, Henry Bowman, S. Myrick Bowman, Zadock Batterson, Martha Browning (Hodgkins), Almira Brown (Cole), Angus Cameron, James F. Cameron, John F. Caldwell, James A. Colburn, Joseph Chamberlain, Henry Chamberlain, John B. Cotton, Sarah E. Colburn, Hattie Chamberlain (Colburn), Sarah C. Carter, Sarah Crossman (Grover), Sarah A. Cobb, George A. Dorrison, George B. Duncan, Almira Dinsmore (Goodnow), John Frazer, Charlotte Frances Felt (Wilder), Frank Flening (Chaffin), Susan Fleming (Pierce), Clara Forbes (Bigelow), Carrie Forbes (Francis), Charles F. Greene, Albion W. Gibbs, Henry Greenwood, Edson Gaylord, John W. Gallagher, Ira V. B. Greenough, Helen Greenough (Noyes), Ellen Greene, Celinda Gates, E. Victoria Gates (Morse), Henrietta Goodale (Boynton), Augusta Gaylord, Christopher Harris, Hattie Hoadley, Sarah E. Houghton, Sarah Houghton (Hastings), Mary Humphrey, Eliza Holman (Carter), Mary Jane Houghton, James Munroe Ingalls, Urania Ingalls (Davis), James N. Johnson, James Joslin, Mary Johnson (Wood), Joseph P. Kendall, George W. Lowe, Sarah Lewis, Charles H. Morgan, F. Henry Morgan, Joseph E. Miner, Michael J. McQuade, Wm. Augustus Macurda, Mary Frank McCol-

lom (Simpson), Jennie Morgan (Wallace), Charlotte Miner (Barquet), Louisa Miner, Elizabeth McCollom (Lowe), Persis Maynard, Henrietta Miner (Kitson), Charles A. Otterson, Henry N. Otterson, Mary Otterson (Stubbs), Sarah Otterson (Burke), Marion Oleott, Henry A. Putnam, John Ring, Eneand Rice, Laura A. Ring, Addie Reeves (Fuller), Hattie E. Rice, Sarah Rice, Ann Maria Rice, Charles Stanley, Alonzo Stone, Thomas Sawyer, Frances M. Sawyer, Sarah Sawyer (Gore), Ellen Stone (Freeman), Abbie Sampson, Mary Frank Stearns (Morse), Agnes Sawyer (Winslow), Fanny Stone (Spaulding), Emeline Thompson, Emily Thompson, Sarah J. Tenney, Mary Upson, George W. Weeks, Walter Whittlemore, Austin White, Laura White (Pratt), Harriet Worcester, Lura Wright, Savira Wright (Owens), Katherine Wilder, Miss S. E. Whitcomb, Mary Frank McCollom (Simpson).

History of Clinton Baptist Church

REV. CHARLES M. BOWERS, D. D.—JUNE 13, 1904

At first it may seem as though the history of a church in a country town could hardly possess points of interest enough to make its story worthy of any permanent record. But if it is true, as asserted on good authority, that mere words are things, then things must be words with some high meaning in them and with a voice more or less loud according to the time and place of which they are a part. The growing custom of celebrating the centennial, semi-centennial, and in some cases the quarter-centennial years of churches shows that in serious and cultivated minds they rank among the valuable institutions that have relation to all human progress, domestic, social, educational and civil. A man without a meeting-house in him has no completed life and is only a fractional, unfinished kind of being. A steeple is a teacher, a public educator touching the history of humanity running back over a vast period of 2,000 years. When Emerson advised us to hitch our wagon to a star he might have suggested that we hitch it to a steeple.

It has been charged, however, that the churches of all kinds and names are partly failures and do not reach the ideals of their profession and constitution. Yet one thing is true: if they have not given men morally the height and breadth and glory they ought to have done, they certainly have accomplished unparalleled wonders for the world in architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, music and religious literature. Even heaven itself will be more attractive and delightful for some of the blessed old Enochs the church is populating it with. Why, even the Catholic church has some saints there now that almost take the shine off from archangels that have celebrated their millionth year of birth creation. Yes, churches may not attain their ideal, but in this respect they are like the other institutions of divine appointment. God ordained national governments, but there is not a perfect nation on earth, not one; yet better the imperfection of all of them than no government at all, with anarchy instead. The family is of divine ordination, yet there are very few perfect homes where Mr. and Mrs. Adam continue in all things in the sugar of their courtship. But better the occasional vinegar and pepper with all lost

than no home life of twain one flesh. Perhaps the churches do fail of their ideal, but many of them are half way there and steadily faced in that direction.

Two grand things mark the church of today. First, its constant invention and adoption of new ways and methods of trying to lift the world up to a better life; and, second, its cordial employment of the mind and heart of woman in all its benevolent undertakings. The ideal woman is coming and when she reaches her best, with her will come the ideal church. And now abide hospitals, clubs, lodges, colleges, libraries, schools and steeples, but the greatest of these is the steeple. There is only one world power to which Christ has given the earth—the church. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Please pardon this introduction. As every man needs some certificate of character if he belongs to the ministerial cloth, so every church needs the whitening of some apologetic presentation.

The first movement ever made to establish Sabbath worship in the territory now named Clinton was begun in 1816, or eighty-eight years ago, and twenty-nine years before the inauguration of such an enterprise by our Orthodox brethren. The Baptist families in this part of old Lancaster have the credit of this gospel undertaking. A society was legally organized under the name of the Baptist Society of Lancaster, to maintain "the sentiments held by the Warren Association," which for many years had been in New England the largest associated body of the Baptist faith. The first meeting of this society was held March 16, 1816, in a school-house south of the Nashua River, when a constitution was adopted and parish officers were elected. Charles Chace was elected treasurer and John Burdett clerk.

Preaching on the Sabbath was provided mainly from the supply pulpits, embracing both ordained and unordained ministers. The school-house was the place of worship when this convenience could be obtained, but more generally some little hall or the rooms in private houses were the necessary sanctuary. It must be confessed that some of the preachers of that day had more breaking out at the mouth than education, and more emphasis of doctrine than lucid exposition. One of the supplies engaged for a Sabbath a month during a given period was a watchmaker and jeweller in Worcester. He had an eye to his secular as well as his heavenly calling on his gospel visits, and on Monday morning was accustomed to take back with him such watches of his hearers as needed the correction of their imperfections and various depravities. Thus he aided the people in keeping better time both for the present and the future.

The records of the society show that the gospel was sometimes enjoyed at a very cheap rate, one of the items being given that one Joshua Eyeleth received \$2.50 a day for fourteen days of preaching. Yet no strike is ever mentioned for any increase of wages. It does not appear that any formal church body was connected with this society, and when any converts were made under the very plain speaking of those days they joined the churches in Still River or West Boylston, or other near-by towns. The annual meetings of the society were usually held in the house

of Charles Chace, and from 1817 to 1829 there is no account of any such meeting elsewhere.

Such records of this body as remain are valuable as showing what good and self-denying men like Charles Chace, Alanson Chace, Cornelius Moore, John Burditt, Levi Howard, Benjamin Holt and others of precious memory attempted to accomplish for their own and the religious profit of their neighbors, under circumstances of great difficulty. Some of the fruits of their work, however, remain to this day. Two causes occasioned the extinction of this society: first, the inability of the Baptists to raise sufficient funds to build a house of worship in this locality, though two or three efforts were made at different times for this object; and secondly, the building of the Hillside church, popularly known as the Samson Wilder church.

This enterprise, consummated in 1830, had for several years a most commanding influence in Lancaster and the circle of towns and villages around it. But strange to say, the Hillside church was partly of Baptist parentage. John Ballard, a Baptist living in Lancaster, was deeply exercised on the fact that in all the region there was no evangelical house of worship. In the distress of his soul he went to Mr. Wilder one day to deplore his want of religious privileges, and most earnestly expressed his desire to see a meeting-house built and a church organized on the basis of the religion of the fathers. "How much," asked Mr. Wilder, "do you desire it?" "Very much indeed," was the reply. "Yes," came back the question, with stronger emphasis, "but I would still ask how much you desire it?" "Ah, sir," said the Baptist Ballard, "I understand you; I am a poor man and can do but little." "Well," added the deeply interested Wilder, "I will make a proposition; you may put down on this paper as many hundreds of dollars as you think proper and I will put down as many thousands." "Will you?" exclaimed Ballard, rising and walking the room in great agitation. "Yes," said Wilder, "and in addition I will give you the choice of four or six acres out of my farm as a site." Ballard at once put his name to the paper for three hundred dollars—a large sum in those days for a poor man to give to any object.

When the house was completed by generous contributions from Boston and other parts of the state, and with funds gathered in New York, it proved to be one of the most elegant and tasteful church edifices in New England. It was supplied with reading rooms and all conveniences for such as remained to the afternoon service. The tower had a costly clock with a fine toned bell of two thousand pounds of wide-awake orthodoxy in it, and the grounds about the building were provided with seats and charming retreats for social and religious converse among families and friends in the summer Sabbaths of the year. One of the conveniences of the unique church was very original, a supply of Nicodemus seats, where a portion of the lecture room was curtained off and behind the curtain any might be concealed from recognition, who nevertheless were willing to hear what was said years before in the shadows of the night to the original of all the Nicodemuses.

The church and the supply of distinguished preachers engaged by Mr.

Wilder in the first months of the worship became the sensation of the country for miles around. The elder Beecher, Kirk and Codman of Boston, Milnor of New York, Woods, Stuart and Skinner of Andover, Hitchcock of Amherst, Cook, Todd, and many others among the great sermonizers of the day were heard with delight by crowded congregations. Revival meetings came at length to be a part of the effective work undertaken. At one of the last meetings held in the church the surprising number of three hundred persons signified upon invitation their desire, by rising from their seats, for prayer, and thus also expressed their purpose to seek and serve the Lord. This is a very great story, but at least half of it must be true, for it is published in a volume sent out into the world by the American Tract Society. We are afraid, however, that the three hundred were not strictly obtained by dividing the house.

When the church ceased its work so much had been accomplished by it in the adjacent towns and villages that several churches were organized of the Orthodox faith where there were none before. The very singular omission of Mr. Wilder to deed the property to some legally organized society made it a part of the wreck of his own property—when his great business operations resulted in disastrous failure. When the creditors sold the property the notable Sampson Wilder church became finally a factory for making champagne cider, and then after a few years of this profanation it properly ascended to the skies above in the form of victorious fire and smoke.

Do you now ask what connection there can be between the work of the Hillside church and the existence of the present Baptist Church in Clinton? I reply, much every way. Of the hundreds all over this section that were led into a religious life by the results of a fellowship purpose between a Baptist and an Orthodox believer of the Sampson Wilder type, some necessarily fell into Baptist ways of thinking and in their natural preference for a plenty of good water over any scanty supply of moisture became acceptable material for the composition of Baptist worship when re-established in due time. The due time came in January, 1847. A most favorable and almost amusing circumstance prepared the way. Our Congregationalist brothers-in-law and gospel were about to vacate the chapel where they had been holding worship for two years, and enter the large and commodious house they had just completed.

As the village was growing and it was certain that another church of some kind would at once inaugurate worship, the question arose, "To whom shall the use of the chapel be offered?" The canvass of the sects as to which one would be likely to interfere the least with the growth and prosperity of the church already sure of the religious lead in the entire future resulted in the assignment of the building to the occupancy of the Baptist, as probably the least harmful in the premises of all the religious orders. This was good sense on the part of number one, and the Baptists never expect to reach the head of the class in Clinton, world without end, though we expect to be a close second in many things.

The first Sunday in 1847 saw the Baptists begin their second experiment in maintaining worship in the village then called Clintonville. A

society was organized with the usual officers to manage the financial conditions, which, however, was soon followed—April 24th—by the constitution of a church under the name of “The First Baptist Church of Lancaster.” Dr. George W. Burdett, who for so many years after his coming to town as a physician held high rank in his profession, was chosen clerk and in this office he continued until near the time of his death. Seventeen persons united in fellowship and covenant as the first stage in this church life, more than half of whom bore the good name of Burdett. Of these original members only one is living in membership with us today, Mrs. Elizabeth J. Burdett, widow of the much esteemed doctor; though we might have mentioned another as thus surviving but that a few short hours before this reading we were called to mourn the death of our beloved brother, Otis H. Kendall, in Pasadena, California.

During the first year the members of the church had increased to 47; the second year to 62; the third year to 79; the fourth year to 135; the fifth year to 181; the sixth year to 202. This rapid increase of church members means of course the number that had taken upon them the vows of the christian life and does not relate at all to the statistics of the attendance upon worship. The success of the first years of our gatherings have, to some extent, marked the whole history of the body.

The first year of our church life had not passed when the question of a meeting-house began to agitate the minds of the brethren. The growth of the church, the frequency of baptisms, and the encouraging condition of the congregation made it advisable to secure a site and obtain subscriptions. Deacon George Cummings, a wealthy merchant from Boston, had purchased real estate in Lancaster and at once interested himself in the enterprise by generous aid. Alanson Chace, John Burdett, G. P. Smith, Dr. Burdett and others were prompt with their encouragement and in January, 1849, a commodious, neat and pleasant house was dedicated to the service of God. The house had a graceful steeple, the first that ever cast a shadow in this locality, and a church bell, the first in this part of Lancaster that ever invited worshipers to the Father’s house. Two score years passed away and it is found that five hundred souls had been joined to the church, over three hundred of them by baptism. Death, dismissals and removals had of course reduced such gains, but the need and desire for a larger house of worship caused such an entire reconstruction and enlargement of the sanctuary we had been using that it was virtually a new building. This was dedicated February 6, 1868.

Yet this structure did not serve our purpose more than twenty-five years, when it seemed necessary to build again. A church of richer architectural beauty, of more convenient appointments, and of better material, appeared to be the providential requirement. We had grown in means and considerably in human nature, and it is always easy to fit our desires with a nice quality of the providential. Besides, we were having at this time in the service of our third pastor a man of most excellent address and popular attraction, and if we were ever to strike, now was the time. To join the best material conditions with the most admirable conditions in the pulpit was the dictate of wisdom. Brother Waterbury and the new church gave us the highest estate in our history.

In the first arrangement of pastor and people, covering two-thirds of our whole history, the church carried on its work with singular growth. What were called revivals were common, and it was almost uncommon to be without one. In one year the church reported sixty-five baptisms, a result without parallel among Baptist churches in this region. In ten or twelve of the thirty-nine years more baptisms rewarded the activity of the church than were enjoyed by any other church in the Association, and twice, at least, in the annual returns the church reported more than all the other twenty churches together. These facts are given not as at all related to pastoral efficiency, but as exclusively relating to the history of a working church. And while we had risen from the smallest beginning to the second body in numbers in the twenty churches of the Association, and though Deacon Bradford of Fitchburg, our Associational historian, had ventured to say the remarkable word that the Clinton church was the most influential church in the Association, yet, considering the opportunity for growth by the increasing population, we should take shame instead of credit to ourselves that we have met our responsibilities in only a very imperfect degree. Perhaps a larger pulpit measure of a man would have put more power in the pews. It is a mystery to the writer that Providence has spared so useless a life to this date instead of closing it off long ago under a little white stone with the address, "Here lies," &c. To sum up in a word the fifty-seven years of our story, about one thousand persons have been connected with the body—nearly seven hundred by baptism and three hundred by letter; but of course the many hundreds have been all the time going from us as well as coming to us, and our total with us at any given date never quite reached the four hundred mark.

A few words should here be given on the question: "What does this Baptist church stand for in belief and teaching that gives it a distinctive character?"

It is too commonly supposed that a Baptist is a man who distinguishes himself unfavorably by the manner in which he uses the two ordinances of the Christian religion. He is charged not only with attaching a great importance to immersion for baptism but, by very intelligent people, with really holding that immersion is essential to salvation. A warm friend of the writer, a graduate of Harvard, a preacher of the liberal faith, as was his father before him, a man of most generous culture, came to my home to spend the night with me. In a most delightful social together he suddenly exclaimed: "I could get along with you Baptists very nicely but for one thing." "What is that?" I asked. "Why," was the reply, "you believe that immersion is essential to salvation." "What, do you really think so?" "Yes, most certainly." "I am happy to correct such a mistake," said I, "we believe no such thing; so far from it we never baptize any without the assurance they have already passed from death unto life in Christ." It is singular how little the denominations understand each other. Baptists do not believe if you soaked a man a week in deep water it would add one particle to his title to eternal life. We baptize as the initiatory introduction into the church which expresses our faith in the meaning of church life.

So, very intelligent people misunderstand our restricted communion. We believe this to be a privilege within the church for which the christian is prepared by the prescribed manner of entrance within the fold. We believe the communion is not to express general fellowship among believers but for each church family to show forth the death of the Master. Hence, Christ when he instituted the supper never sent out invitations for some of his most devoted friends like the Marys and Joseph of Arimathea, and the wonderful one hundred and twenty who afterwards gathered at the Pentecost. But it is a very great mistake to suppose that we regard our methods in the ordinances as one-half as important and fundamental as some other things.

We regard the constitution of the church on an exclusively spiritual basis, the supreme authority of Christ against all traditions, the original Scriptures to be honestly translated throughout in all foreign lands, each separate church independent of itself without the interference of any kind of council whatever, the church wholly of New Testament origin, the certainty of infant salvation without any form or ceremony, the absolute rights of conscience against all laws ecclesiastical or civil—as of infinitely greater moment than questions of water and sacramental forms. We believe, in short, that Christ, is head over all things—all things emphatically—yesterday, today and forever, to the church, be the things great or small. A little finger may not be as essential as the brain to a man but it is essential to the perfection of his human finish.

PASTORS

The church has had the ministrations of five different pastors. The first of these, the writer of the present paper, took charge of the interest in 1847 and remained in service till 1886. He is now that kind of nobody, an ex-pastor, and being in his eighty-eighth year is hardly of use to himself or anyone else.

'Tis bootless of course a word to say,
How he remained to such a day,
Just toss your head at his many years,
And count him nought, if so appears.

The second pastor was the Rev. Hiram Kallock Peverar, a man of fine record in our state who had with ability served in four important pastorates. Three of the pulpits he had filled ranked high in the denomination and had given Brother Peverar a pleasant reputation among his brethren. He was born in Roxbury, July 16, 1831. After preparation for college in Worcester Academy, he entered Brown University, in 1851, and completing the four years' course, he went to Newton for his theological studies. He was ordained in Roxbury, in 1857. Of nearly thirty-five years of service in the ministry before coming to Clinton, eight were given to the church in East Cambridge, eight to the First Worcester, seven to the First Cambridge, and six and one-half to the First New Bedford; and that in his work he has served such leading churches honors

it with much distinction. He has shown himself a good example of the dignity and influence of the pulpit. In 1899 he received the well merited degree from Acadia College of Doctor of Divinity. During his labors in the churches mentioned he gathered many souls into the kingdom, and one fact deserves special mention, that in one of the years while he was the pastor of the First Cambridge he baptized the large number of ninety-three persons, a record which few ministers have the privilege of making. His five years while with us brought forty by profession into the church.

Our third pastor was the popular and much beloved Rev. Willard Emmet Waterbury. He was born in Hastings, Oswego County, N. Y., March 7, 1858. His special education preparatory to the ministry was received in the collegiate Institute, Elbridge University, N. Y., and in the Rochester University. Before assuming the charge of a church, however, he entered upon work for the Young Men's Christian Association in Concord, N. H., in which he continued a year and one-half. In 1881, he accepted a call as pastor of the church in Hopkinton, N. H., in which he was ordained and here he labored three years. In 1887 he entered upon a pastorate with the Carew St. Church, Springfield, Mass., and with this people he continued in service five years. In 1892, under the pressure of a most urgent call, he came to Clinton and in the four and one-half years of his administration in holy things he added one hundred and forty-six persons to the church by baptism. Bro. Waterbury is remarkably gifted with the qualities that ensure success. He is the incarnation of geniality and graciousness. He has an aptness to teach, a gift of ready expression and a most pleasant command of himself on the platform. His address is always winsome, his teaching without severity and he can make even the ten commandments sweet to the taste. As a public speaker he is agreeable both to see and hear and as one good woman expressed it, he is the most graceful speaker she ever listened to. While he labored in Clinton he was a favorite with all classes and it may be a long time before the church will fully recover from the disappointment of his leaving us.

Our fourth pastor was Rev. Archibald Sangster Brown. He was born in Litchfield, Penn., July 1, 1844. After enjoying a good business education he removed to Hartford, Conn., in 1870, where he built up a prosperous hardware trade. Becoming a christian he entered upon active work as a member of Dr. Crane's church. Shortly developing the qualities that make a public speaker he turned his thoughts to the Christian ministry. He took a course of systematic theology in Hartford and in 1885, while still continuing his business, he became pastor of the Rockville church being ordained November 4th of the same year. He labored two years in Rockville raising funds to build a meeting house, superintending the work and largely adding to the membership and the prosperity of the church in all ways. While in the work of church building he received a call to the Carew St. Church, Springfield, which he did not accept for he was carrying the double burden of the Rockville church and his business also. The call from Springfield was shortly again extended and again declined. When he closed his labors with the above church after two years he supplied the church in Granville in this state for a year

and one-half, and though invited to become their pastor he was not moved to accept their call. He gave up his business however, and devoted himself to their interests, lifting them out of their financial and spiritual depression to great enlargement and prosperity. In 1889 he accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Norwich, Conn. Here he labored eight years with most encouraging success. In 1897 he was called to Clinton. His vigorous, earnest and efficient manner as a preacher and pastor commended him at once to the good will of the people and they recognized in him a christian minister who heartily desired to aid them, morally and spiritually. His five years of service in Clinton have been fruitful in good results and he was permitted to add to the church over seventy persons by baptism.

Our fifth pastor, the present one, is Rev. Edgar Rhinel Hyde. He was born in Oswego, N. Y., February 5, 1871. His education for the ministry was obtained in the four years' course at Mt. Hermon, Mass., the collegiate course of Colgate University where he graduated in 1897, and the three years of training in the theological school connected with the university. While pursuing his studies he supplied the churches in Norway and Russia, N. Y., from September, 1897 to September, 1900. He was ordained at Oswego, September 11, 1900, and took charge of the church at Turners Falls, Mass., where he continued for twenty-one months in useful service. In June, 1902, he became pastor of the Clinton church. His education, his five years of preaching, his well developed efficiency as a worker gave him fitness to enter this more important field. Since coming to us he has displayed the resources of an active mind, an ability to plan and arrange for good results and a hearty purpose to lead the church into true fellowship of labor. He has physical vigor, a marked interest in the young and a clear perception of the ways of meeting all pastoral responsibilities. From the forcible manner in which he began his work with us there is reason to anticipate for his future a decided and very pleasant degree of success.

(The sixth pastor, settled subsequently to the preparation of this paper by Rev. Dr. Bowers, was Rev. Henry Charles Speed, a native of Dover, Maine, where he was born in 1867. After one year of special work at Brown University he entered Newton Theological Seminary from which he graduated in 1899. He was ordained at Monson, Maine, in 1899, where he labored six years, then with Crown Hill church in Nashua, N. H., five years to 1910, when he came to the Clinton Baptist church. At one time, while in Nashua, he was president of the New Hampshire State Sunday School Association.—Editor.)

While the five pastors, thus given as having covered in their service the fifty-seven years of the history of the church, have rejoiced in uniting to the body on the profession of their faith nearly seven hundred souls it is but fair to say that this has been done without any special effort to force Baptist views upon the acceptance of any one. Indeed, one of the most influential members of the church confessed he came to the Baptists because they let him alone. More than thirty per cent of all that from the beginning have joined the Baptist church came from families of other

religious affinities. Some even never saw a baptism after the abundant water form till they came to Clinton. The celebrated Lyman Beecher, after one of his great revivals remarked, when many of his converts took to the full degree of water, "I hatched them out chickens but they turned out to be ducks." If people without any influence but their own questioning and independent handling of Scripture make for themselves a Baptist system of practice there seems to be an actual need of an existing Baptist church to receive them.

What conditions have contributed to the prosperity of the church?

1.—The peaceful management of all affairs by those who have had a controlling or official influence in the church and society, together with the fraternal spirit that has leavened the whole body. A people that can hold in service a church clerk fifty years, deacons thirty-seven years, a church treasurer forty years, Sunday school superintendents in some cases eight or ten years, that never had any discordant notes with its various choirs nor quarreled with any janitors, surely had found the blessed way of holding the fort with a measure of success. We are proud of our deacons that have been and are. We have never been brought into confusion and division by what an evangelist called the "long horned species." If any protuberance began to develop as preparing for a horn of minor size even, the swelling quickly subsided and nothing came of it. The members of the church made up of the same varieties of human nature as compose all such bodies, may have had specimens of "hard-ware ability" and "the square-toed virtues", but they always kept grace enough to make a pleasant summer atmosphere. We never had any ungoverned tempers to interfere with the quiet of our Zion.

2.—A second condition ministering to fair success has been the influence of the Sunday School. We have been very fortunate in the amount of good material at our command out of which to draft vigorous and useful superintendents. It cannot be said we ever suffered from the choice of a poor one. Quite often for considerable periods the attendance at the school was larger than at divine worship. The history of the school has been, in some respects, without any parallel in the schools of the Wachusett Association.

3.—Another condition towards success has been the constant pressure of the pulpit upon the church to attain activity of christian living. The five pastors who have had charge of the church to date have worked very largely on this line of thought and effort. Not that they aimed at all to imitate each other's kind of ministration but they happen to have taken the same idea of pastoral responsibility and been moved to reach the same results. There has been a remarkable uniformity in the manner and effects of their work. Each did something to make the church grow to more church.

4.—Still a further condition towards any success we may have attained has been our always having enjoyed the help of a corps of devoted and efficient women. They have not been merely members of a church organized by men but they have been themselves the chief part of the timber, brick and stone, in the building. We should hardly have half

of the strength of today but that our Deborahs and Huldahs and Priscillas and Joannas have known how to be saints of the hustling order. To a certain extent women furnish the best life to a church. A church made up of men would degenerate into an ice-house. Pentecost would not have been Pentecost without the praying women. Many wonders in Scripture are the wonders of the manly women. It would be well nigh impossible to maintain worship, conference meetings, Sunday schools and some of our best benevolences without noble spiritual Amazons to fill the ranks.

“There’s not a task to mankind given,
There’s not a blessing or a woe,
There’s not a whisper yes or no,
There’s not a life or death or birth,
That has a feather’s weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.”

As an illustration of the important place women hold in our churches an instance may be given of thirty-two persons appointed on committees to look after the religious and benevolent interests of a certain church; twenty-five bear the names of women. The best man in every live church is usually a woman. In some respects the noblest, most heroic character among Bible saints was the widow whose estate was appraised at two mites cash.

INCIDENTAL MATTERS

An important event has just taken place in our history. We have abolished the society organization and by legal process have made the church the sole responsible body in charge of all matters, secular as well as religious. The entire property, real and personal, has been transferred to the possession of the church under the new arrangement. As the society members were mostly members of the church the control of the property continues virtually in the same hands.

While there may be no special importance in the question whether the church has been recognized in the town as a considerable factor in the various interests of the municipality, educational, political, official and financial, it can be said we have had our part in the honors the town could bestow. We have been represented in all kinds of committees—; some of our members have filled the offices of town clerk and treasurer, have been chairman of the selectmen’s and school boards, have been sent to the legislature as representatives and senators, and two even have reached a seat in the governor’s council. We have had our quota of leading business men, high school principals, bank directors, doctors, and ever so many kinds of Most Noble Grands. We have still other members who would like to attain something, if the something wanted to attain them. We deplore, however, one failure. We cannot yet count in our number any young Webster or Choate to give us equal distinction with our neighbors in possessing a legal esquire with the learning of a supreme court in his own bowels. We may add yet a lawyer to our acquisitions as the population in that line is rapidly increasing.

Not to make our history too serious we may be allowed to put on record a very ludicrous compliment paid to our people in the soundest

judgment of a very prominent citizen, given soon after the writer commenced his work here. In discussing with a neighbor the characteristics of Baptists he happily classified them as a set of religionists that usually had red hair and low foreheads. Baptists have been described in a great variety of ways as: deep water christians, ducks, hardshells, and new lights, but this unique and distinctive mark of an entirely original species pleased us beyond measure, and of course because red is a very positive and aggressive color. It is found largely in all nature and is expressive of efficiency. That this colored hair should extend itself from the scalp to the brow and cause an apparent subsidence of the forehead does not lessen the average actual height but shows the vigor of the hair. We might infer from the power in Samson's hair that it must have been very red. Long live the red-headed Baptists.

It may be questioned by some why one of the pastors regarded it as much his duty to contribute to the expenses of worship on account of his family having the same participation in its advantages as other families. Why not? A minister does not expect to be supplied with free groceries, free marketings, free water or free receipt for taxes. Usually he is better able from the salary granted him to meet any family expenses than three-fourths of his parishioners. As at present advised we believe that ministers as a class contribute a smaller per cent of their means to the benevolences than any other contributors in the churches. They urge the poorest to give but should stand before the looking glass quite often and preach to the figure that appears in the mirror. "Be the example yourself in generosity to all others."

As in the modern ways of promoting the religious movements of the churches the culinary department has a large place; it would be inexpensible in us not to mention the great indebtedness of the Baptist church to this popular method of raising funds. The discovery of the religious value of beans and griddle cakes and oysters, and of the importance of cook-stoves and church restaurants in gospel enterprises has been of great financial service to all bodies of believers. We have probably realized thousands of dollars out of the conscientious labor in providing at half price sacred beans and consecrated salad and religious chicken pie and celestial pastry and ethereal cake and heavenly scallops for the occasional appetites of the pilgrims Zionward. Such variety in our improved conditions makes a picnic of five loaves and two small fishes a scant entertainment. If John Bunyan had been living today he would have added a chapter to his matchless Pilgrim's progress as to how much, after all, has been done in improving the hard journey to the celestial city and by beans and ice cream to strengthen all pilgrims to hold out from station to station on the divinely appointed way.

As we never heard of any other church having in one remarkable particular the same experiences as ours perhaps we ought to put it on record. In the beginning of our civil war nineteen men from our church and congregation enlisted in the service. Immediately a weekly meeting was appointed to pray that the lives of these men might be preserved through all the perils of their army experience, and if Providence could so

will it, that they might return safely to their homes again. This meeting was continued while the war lasted. Singularly enough not one of the number lost his life but all came safely back, to the relief and joy of their kindred and friends. Was this chance, or divine interposition? If there be a God there must be one that hears and sometimes answers. At any rate here seems to be a fact that cannot be explained by saying, "It happened so," for the men were in different divisions of the army and some of them, at least, in the most severe battles of the entire war.

It has been our privilege to have four good men who have been in our membership become ministers of the gospel:

James Powers, a very bright and talented brother became under circumstances of peculiar interest a successful and useful preacher in the Episcopal church.

Charles W. Walker, while in service to the town as a high school teacher, decided to turn to the ministry as the higher choice for life.

Charles A. Bowers, son of the first pastor, a graduate of Harvard, had begun the work of preaching but while in his studies at the Newton Theological Institution was suddenly cut down by fatal illness and unexpectedly transferred to the service on high.

Charles T. Reekie is now in his third pastorate in New Hampshire and proving himself to be an excellent minister of Jesus Christ.

We have reason to mention with tenderest interest the names of some of the departed whose contributions by will to our means necessarily make their memory a most sacred part of our history:

Sylvester S. Welch bequeathed to the church \$1,000, the income for the support of worship, and \$500 for the benefit of the Sunday school.

Wilson Morse, \$1,000 for the benefit of the Sunday school.

Deacon Henry C. Greeley, \$11,500 for the support of worship and \$1,000 in aid of the poor.

George W. Weeks, although not connected with our fellowship, \$3,000 to relieve the poor, in a will that distributed his fortune in a most remarkable manner in the variety of the objects specified, and charitable spirit displayed to all denominations.

May the history of the church thus far be an inspiration to reach something larger in the future, more glorious to the ordination of God and more serviceable to every need and demand of our suffering humanity. Amen.

ERRATUM—Page 48. The "Saturday Courant" was re-named "Clinton Courant" by W. J. Coulter when he resumed publication, October 1, 1865, after a three years' suspension during the civil war.

NOTE—Page 67. The box in which the mail was brought from the Lancaster post-office to the sub-office in Clintonville, prior to the incorporation of Clinton, in 1850, is now in the possession of the Clinton Historical Society.

